★ Feb. 27, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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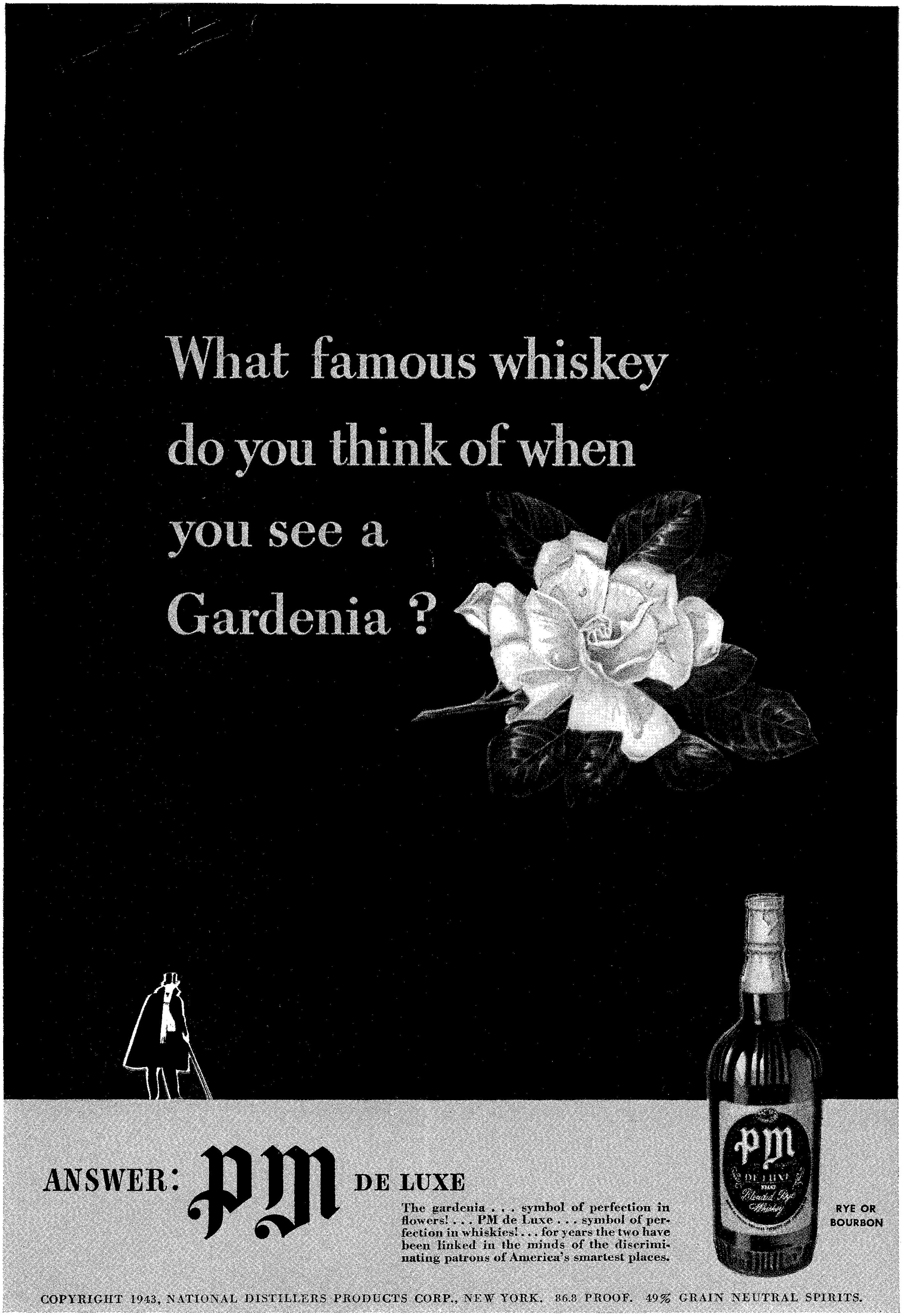

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. After two years this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Counselor-at-Law—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's 1931 success. Still pretty good fun, though it is fairly dated in spots. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Counterattack—An episode on the Russian front which is not as exciting as it might be, in spite of the vigorous efforts of Morris Carnovsky, Sam Wanamaker, Barbara O'Neil, and quite a few others. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:45. May close Sat., Feb. 27.)

Dark Eyes—Very funny piece about the invasion of a Long Island household by three spirited Russians. The co-authors, Eugenie Leontovich and Elena Miramova, play a large part in all the excitement. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; extra performance Sun., Feb. 28, at 8:40, for Russian War Relief.)

The Doughgirls—All about how three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Eve of St. Mark—Maxwell Anderson's handling of the tragedy of Bataan makes an effective melodrama but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins in a comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs that may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. A very funny and touching adaptation of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. The adults include Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Thurs., Feb. 25, and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is well over three years old. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Moon Vine—Haila Stoddard as a Southern belle who thinks she'd like to be an actress. A rather aimless little costume piece, with Vera Allen, Agnes Scott Yost, and Philip Bourneuf also in the cast. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Patriots—A lucid if not very inspiring account of Thomas Jefferson's feud with Alexander Hamilton. A joint production of the Playwrights' Company and Rowland Stebbins, with a cast including Raymond Edward Johnson, House Jameson, and Madge Evans. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Pirate—A costume piece about the West Indies in 1800 that has its bright moments—S. N. Behrman being who he is—but seems to sag every now and then. The Lunts, of course, are in charge most of the time. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 6.

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy dealing with the survival of the human race through glaciers and floods and wars. Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge head a superior cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Three Sisters—Katharine Cornell's handsome and intelligent revival of Chekhov's play about the ladies who are sick of the suburbs. Her supporting Muscovites include Judith Anderson, Edmund Gwenn, Dennis King, Ruth Gordon, Alexander Knox, and Tom Powers. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Uncle Harry—A pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye may possibly convince you against your better judgment. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—Ray Bolger in the Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband." Ronald Graham and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Let's Face It!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Danny Kaye, who heads the cast, will be replaced on Sun., Feb. 28, by José Ferrer. Cole Porter is responsible for most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 2:45.)

New Faces of 1943—Leonard Sillman's latest collection of budding talent in a revue that doesn't seem quite ready for Broadway. John Lund, Tony Farrar, and Ann Robinson are probably the most promising of the newcomers. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Show Time—Jack Haley, Ella Logan, and the De Marcos are all very fine in this superior vaudeville show supervised by George Jessel. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. A big, good-natured show, also containing Allen Jenkins and Paula Laurence. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—This Olsen and Johnson brainstorm is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Frank Libuse and Joe Besser help the Messrs. O. and J. to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs., except Feb. 25, and Sat. at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Lady in the Dark—A return engagement of Moss Hart's musical fantasy, with Gertrude Lawrence again playing the lead. Opens Sat., Feb. 27. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes in a play by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. Staged by Elia Kazan and produced by Gilbert Miller. Opens Wed., March 3. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Benefit preview on Tues., March 2, at 8:40, for the New York Infirmary for Women and Children.)

MISCELLANY

Stars on Ice—A skating spectacle produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5674. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DANCE RECITALS

Welland Lathrop—Dancing with his company: Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 25-26, and Tues. and Wed., March 2-3, at 9 P.M. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

Tamiris—Appearing with her group: Sat., Feb. 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

La Meri—Assisted by her Natya Dancers: Tues., March 2, at 8:45 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. For tickets, call BR 9-6923.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is pleasant and decorous, and a fine place for serious dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin heads the ice show in the Bowman Room. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mainly swing, with Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A tropical retreat with a fairly elaborate show, which will be headed by Sophie Tucker through Sun., Feb. 28. On Thurs., March 4, Jimmy Durante will step in. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular spot among people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Sonny Kendis's orchestra supplies the dance music in this decorative spot, and there's also a small show.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is fine for your more lofty moments. Stanley Melba's orchestra is there, as well as a small show. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—John Hoysradt is doing those sketches in the Persian Room, where the music is by Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra is playing in the Iridium Room. . . . You'll find Bob Simone's and Freddy Miller's orchestras downstairs in the Maisonette, where there's a good deal of emphasis on Viennese waltzes.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Russ

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 6.

Smith's orchestra plays in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbello's rumba band. Ray Benson's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Hartmans will be dancing in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour through Thurs., March 4. On the following night, Victor Borgé, the piano-playing comedian, will take over. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra, which plays there all evening, will stay on. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is playing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dimly lit little place, with Maxine Sullivan and a number of other competent entertainers. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself sings those hearty songs of hers, and there are other entertainers as well. . . . **la vie parisienne**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's Paula Laurence, in addition to those Lamotte murals you may have heard about. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this large, softly lighted room. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a log fire, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

Miscellaneous—The **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a big East Side place that has a touch of Broadway about it; Emil Coleman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show. . . . **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small spot with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra. . . . **casbah**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): a fairly fancy one, with Don Maya's orchestra and a not too large show; tea dancing Sat. and Sun. . . . **la martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and a show. . . . **riobamba**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): pink-and-blue ceilings and white palm trees, designed by Russell Patterson, and a show headed by Benny Fields; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Chavez's rumba band. . . . **mon paree**, 142 E. 53 (PL 5-7765): not an especially close resemblance to anybody's Paree, but there's Bill Glass's orchestra and other entertainers. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy to Carnegie Hall, for one thing; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras and a Russian show. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Walter Perner's orchestra. . . . **warwick**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): Ron Perry's orchestra and a dance floor no bigger than a jeep. . . . **bill's gay nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Huddie Ledbetter and Richard Dyer-Bennett singing folk songs. . . . **jimmy kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **diamond horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy heading a Billy Rose show. . . . **latin quarter**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after the old Left Bank, with cancans and all that. . . . **la conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a Latin-American place, with a show headed by Diosa Costello; Jack Harris's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **havana-madrid**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show. . . . **18 club**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers and Pat Harrington aren't any too squeamish about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.

Mostly for Music—At **café society downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Ammons and Johnson, Georgie James's orchestra, and, for variety, the Revuers. . . . **nick's**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell. . . . **kelly's stable**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but there's Red Allen's band, with J. C. Higginbotham and Coleman Hawkins.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **castleholm**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **kretchma**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

Abstract—At the **valentine**, 55 E. 57: eleven painters, from Kandinsky to Mondrian, in a miniature survey of the European abstract schools. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 27. . . . **downtown**, 43 E. 51: America's leading abstractionist, Stuart Davis, has his first one-man show here in nine years. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 27. . . . **puma**, 108 W. 57: oils by Eleanor de Laittre; also, sculptures and block prints by Louis Schanker. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 7.

Art of This Century, 30 W. 57—Paintings by Jean Hélion. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 6.

Art Students League—Big retrospective, celebrating the League's fiftieth birthday and including paintings from Eakins' time to the present; a benefit for the Red Cross: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Feb. 28.

Artists at War—The prize-winning paintings, and some of the others, submitted in *Life's* competition for men of the armed forces: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56; 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Feb. 25.

Dove—A showing of his recent work: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 17.

Expressionist—Works in several media, by Klee, di Chirico, Hofer, Lehmbruck, and others: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 13.

France—An unusual collection of paintings of scenes along the Seine, loaned for the benefit of L'Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 27.

Grosz and Fiene—Double show of oils (Grosz, through Sat., Feb. 27; Fiene, through Sat., March 6): Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Groups—At the **lilienfeld**, 21 E. 57: Feininger, Nordfeldt, Mommer, Drewes, and others show new oils. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 6. . . . **contemporary arts**, 106 E. 57: a midseason retrospective featuring, for the most part, younger artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eves., 8:30 to 10); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through March 13. . . . **bignou**, 32 E. 57: paintings by Derain, Soutine, Lamotte, and other moderns. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 20. . . . **montross**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: a varied offering by Alan Brown, Frank Herring, and other members of this gallery's group. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 6. . . . **new york artist-painters**, 444 Madison, at 50: paintings by Gottlieb, Vytlacil, Constant, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 6. . . . **milch**, 108 W. 57: works by Radenkovitch, Berman, Sterne, and other contemporary Americans. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 13.

Hartley—Forceful, authoritative paintings of Maine: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 27.

Klee and Masson—Paintings by these two moderns, contrasted with examples of primitive sculpture: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 20.

Matisse—A large selection of his paintings, from 1898 to 1939: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 6.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Prize-winning paintings, sculptures, and prints from the "Artists for Victory" exhibition. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 31.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Realism and surrealism contrasted in a showing of works by American painters. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 21.

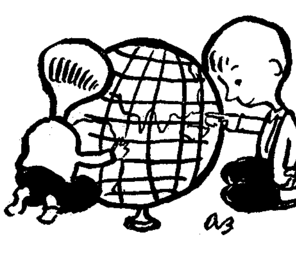
Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Americans, including Moholy-Nagy, Werner Drewes, and Jean Xceron. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The hundred-and-seventeenth annual of paintings and other works. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 9.

Portraits—Eight oils by Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher and others: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 27.

Posters—A large collection of French posters from the last war: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 451 Madison, at 50. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 6.

Rosenthal—Sympathetically handled paintings, mainly of Mexican subjects: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 6.



Sculpture—At the **artists'**, 43 W. 55: recent works by Leo Amino. Tues., 1 to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 8. . . . **passedoit**, 121 E. 57: figures in stone and wood by Hannah Small. Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 13.

Segonzac—A showing of this gifted artist's oils and water colors, including some fine landscapes: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 27.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Big memorial exhibition of sculptures by Gertrude V. Whitney, founder of the Museum. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 14.

Here and There—At the **knoedler**, 14 E. 57: oils and drawings by Preston Dickinson, selected from the Charles Daniel collection. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 27. . . . **perls**, 32 E. 58: new paintings by Saul Schary. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 27. . . . **andre seligmann**, 15 E. 57: a colorful mixture of oils and gouaches by Maxim Kopf. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 27. . . . **kleemann**, 65 E. 57: color aquatints by Rouault; also, drawings by contemporary Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 10. . . . **kraushaar**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: broadly painted oils and water colors by William Dean Fausett. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 27. . . . **durand-ruel**, 12 E. 57: colorful, somewhat poetic paintings of India by Sarkis Katchadourian. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 27. . . . **willard**, 32 E. 57: oils by Lee Gatch. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 6. . . . **st. etienne**, 46 W. 57: portraits and landscapes by Eugen Spiro. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 20. . . . **macbeth**, 11 E. 57: small oils by Moses Soyer. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 6. . . . **bonestell**, 18 E. 57: water colors of Mexico and its people by Arthur Faber. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 27. . . . **pinacotheca**, 20 W. 58: oils by Juliet Thompson. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 27.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., Feb. 25, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Feb. 26, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Feb. 27, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Feb. 28, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., March 4, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 5, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., March 6, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Schuster, Feb. 27; List, Feb. 28; Nadia Reisenberg, March 4-5; Kilenyi, March 6.)

Operatic Concert—Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," presented in concert form by the Russian Opera Company: Town Hall, Sat., Feb. 27, at 8:30 P.M.

Don Cossack Chorus—Jaroff conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun., Feb. 28, at 8:40 P.M.

Mozart Concerto Series—Fifth of six concerts, with Clarence Adler and the National Orchestral Association Alumni Orchestra, Barzin conducting: Town Hall, Tues., March 2, at 8:45 P.M.

Benefit Concert—Three chamber-music groups and the chorus of the St. Cecilia Society in the first of a series of concerts of ancient and modern music: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 (CI 5-8900), Tues., March 2, at 9 P.M.

Harpsichord Concert—Wanda Landowska, assisted by René Le Roy, Joseph Fuchs, and a chamber orchestra conducted by Herman Adler: Carnegie Hall, Wed., March 3, at 8:40 P.M.

National Orchestral Association—Assisted by the Collegiate Chorale, Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat., March 6, at 3 P.M.

Note—More than five hundred historic European musical instruments from the Crosby Brown collection have recently been put on display in the Morgan Wing of the Metropolitan Museum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Sidney Foster, Mon., March 1, at 8:30 P.M.; Vladimir Horowitz, Tues., March 2, at 8:30 P.M.

Town Hall—Alexander Brailowsky, Fri., Feb. 26, at 8:30 P.M.; New Friends of Music (Budapest Quartet and Luigi Silva), Sun., Feb. 28, at 5:30 P.M.; Hortense Monath, Wed., March 3, at 8:30 P.M.; Bernardo Segall, Sat., March 6, at 8:30 P.M.

Elsewhere—At the **hunter college auditorium**: Rosa Bok, Kurt Baum, Herbert Jenssen, and others, in a benefit for the Hunter College Student Aid Fund, Thurs., Feb. 25, at 8:30 P.M. (Park at 68.) . . . **kaufmann auditorium**: Jascha Heifetz, Sun., Feb. 28, at 9 P.M. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.) . . . **brooklyn academy**: Efrem Zimbalist, Tues., March 2, at 8:30 P.M. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.) . . . **international study center**: Lotte Lehmann and Marcel Grandjany, Fri., March 5, at 8:30 P.M. (1010 Park, at 85. For tickets, call BU 8-4103 between 10 A.M. and 1 P.M.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—"La Traviata," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 25; "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., Feb. 26; "Die Walküre," Sat. Aft., Feb. 27; "Le Nozze di Figaro," Sat. Eve., Feb. 27; "La Forza del Destino," Mon. Eve., March 1; "Götterdämmerung," Tues. Eve., March 2; "Il Trovatore," Wed. Eve., March 3; "The Magic Flute," Thurs. Eve., March 4; "Lohengrin," Fri. Eve., March 5; "Aïda," Sat. Aft., March 6; "Der Rosenkavalier," Sat. Eve., March 6. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

Rosalinda—The Max Reinhardt version of the Strauss light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Salmaggi Opera—"La Bohème," Sat., Feb. 27; "La Forza del Destino," Sun., Feb. 28; at 8:30 P.M. (Mecca Theatre, 135 W. 55. CO 5-8838.)

SPORTS

Basketball—Madison Square Garden: L.I.U. vs. Toledo, and N.Y.U. vs. St. John's, Wed., March 3, at 8:15 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Johnny Greco vs. Cleo Shans, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Feb. 26; Beau Jack vs. Fritzie Zivic, catchweights, 12 rounds, Fri., March 5. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts start at 10.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs., Feb. 25; Rangers vs. Detroit, Sun., Feb. 28; Rangers vs. Canadiens, Thurs., March 4; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur-series games: Sun., Feb. 28, at 1:30 P.M.

Track—Madison Square Garden: National A.A.U. Meet, Sat., Feb. 27; I.C.A.A.A.A. Meet, Sat., March 6; at 8 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Mme. Chiang Kai-shek—Speaking at a turnout in her honor. The program will also include addresses by other internationally-known figures, as well as entertainment by Lawrence Tibbett and the Westminster Choir: Madison Square Garden, Tues., March 2, at 8:30 P.M.

Wartime Exhibition—The first of a series of outdoor exhibits under the supervision of the Office of War Information is now open at Rockefeller Plaza. Among the features are short recorded addresses, repeated at frequent intervals, by Roosevelt, Churchill, and, in their native tongues, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 14.

Comic Art—Original drawings and reproductions of works by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Gillray, and other eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English illustrators: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 31.

Masks—Eighty examples from the Kenneth Macgowan collection, dating from prehistoric times to the present and arranged by Lee Simonson: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

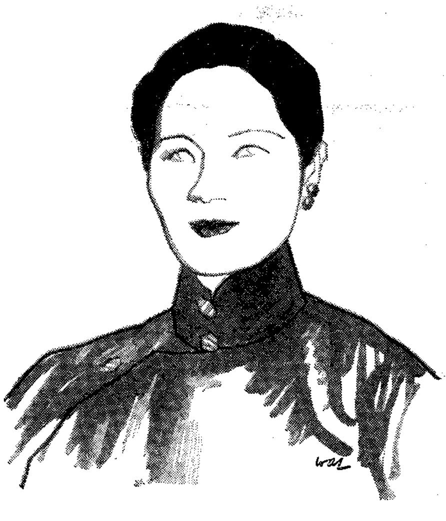
Architecture—A comprehensive exhibition of models, photographs, drawings, maps, and plans, arranged by Philip L. Goodwin and G. E. Kidder Smith, showing the architectural development of Brazil: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sun., Feb. 28.

Photography—Over a hundred portraits of theatre people, taken by Carl Van Vechten during the past decade: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

On the Air—Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun., Feb. 28, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Stokowski conducting, Sun., Feb. 28, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri., March 5, at 2:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Die Walküre," with Lotte Lehmann, Lauritz Melchior, and Helen Traubel, Sat., Feb. 27; "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Giovanni Martinelli, and Bruna Castagna, Sat., March 6; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Boxing: Johnny Greco vs. Cleo Shans, Fri., Feb. 26; Beau Jack vs. Fritzie Zivic, Fri., March 5; at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Paintings by Renoir, Corot, Sisley, and other French artists, owned by Mme. Bruna Castagna, the late Alice D. Starr, and others: Thurs., Feb. 25, at 8:15 P.M. . . . French and English furniture, Georgian and Sheffield silver, and laces, owned by Mrs. Emily Francis Hooper: Fri. and Sat., Feb. 26-27, at 2 P.M.



MME. CHIANG KAI-SHEK,

who was Mei-ling in the days when she used to run down from Wellesley College for the weekend. This always included buying several brightly colored sweaters at Franklin Simon and absorbing as much theatre as she could work in. Once, one of her schoolmates recalls, she went to a matinée of "Turn to the Right" and then in the evening went for the third time to see Roland Young in "Good Gracious, Annabelle!" She is going to speak on behalf of China at a Madison Square Garden rally on March 2nd.

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MOTION PICTURES

Air Force—A story, with no nonsense, about action in the Pacific in December, 1941. A Flying Fortress plays the major rôle and John Garfield a minor one. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The Black Swan—Pirates in Technicolor. Tyrone Power, George Sanders, and Maureen O'Hara. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Feb. 25. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., Feb. 26. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Feb. 27. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 27-March 2.)

Casablanca—There was apparently plenty going on in the town even before the A.E.F. and Mr. Roosevelt had ever seen the place. Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains are surrounded by spies of all nationalities. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

China Girl—Wild and woolly story about ruckuses in the Far East—more mature than most. Gene Tierney, George Montgomery, and Victor McLaglen. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., March 1. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., March 3.)

Gentleman Jim—Errol Flynn plays the part of James J. Corbett, and looks like him, too. Alan Hale, Alexis Smith, and William Frawley are in the supporting cast. Fine for fight fans. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Mon. through Wed., March 1-3. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., March 3-4.)

I Married a Witch—An adaptation of Thorne Smith's novel about a weird wedlock. Fredric March, Veronica Lake, Robert Benchley. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 27-March 1.)

In Which We Serve—The career of a British destroyer, with lots of authentic excitement. Noel Coward wrote and directed it and helped with the acting. (State, B'way at 45; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Wed., March 3.)

Life Begins at 8:30—Monty Woolley, with his whiskers and his repartee, as an actor who would rather drink. Ida Lupino is also in it. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Feb. 26. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., March 1. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 28-March 1. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. and Thurs., March 3-4.)

Saludos Amigos—A long, erratic Disney about South America, in which the good bits outweigh the bad. Donald Duck and others. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

We Are the Marines—A full-length examination by the March of Time of one brand of fighting man. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues. and Wed., March 2-3.)

REVIVALS

Algiers (1938)—Life in the native quarter. Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., March 2-4.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sat. and Sun., Feb. 27-28.)

Ball of Fire (1942)—Professors, gunmen, and American slang. Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 26-March 1.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man and his life. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. and Wed., March 2-3. . . . Park, at Columbus Circle; Tues. through Thurs., March 2-4.)

Fantasia (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Thurs., Feb. 25.)

The Girl in the News (1941)—Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams in a Carol Reed mystery about a trained nurse. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., Feb. 27.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; Thurs., Feb. 25.)

Kings Row (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 28-March 1.)

Kitty Foyle (1941)—Ginger Rogers as Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Feb. 26. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 28-March 1.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood and Paul Lukas. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Feb. 25.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 26-March 1.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner (1942)—Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley in the Kaufman-Hart comedy. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., March 2-4.)

Moscow Strikes Back (1942)—Documentary views of the Russian counterdrive last winter. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 26-March 1.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; and Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Feb. 25.)

Pastor Hall (1940)—Germany in early Hitler days. Nova Pilbeam, Sir Seymour Hicks, and Wilfrid Lawson. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., March 2-4.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on Le Havre's waterfront. French. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 26-March 1.)

Sous les Toits de Paris (1930)—Best-known early René Clair film. French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sat. and Sun., Feb. 27-28.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Tues. through Thurs., March 2-4.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on this schedule—**THURS. AND FRI., FEB. 25-26:** "The Jazz Singer" (1927), Al Jolson; and "Steamboat Willie" (1928), Walt Disney's first Mickey Mouse film. **SAT. AND SUN., FEB. 27-28:** "The Lights of New York" (1928), the first all-talkie, with Helene Costello. **MON. AND TUES., MARCH 1-2:** "Hallelujah" (1929), directed by King Vidor. **WED. AND THURS., MARCH 3-4:** "The Love Parade" (1929), directed by Ernst Lubitsch. **FRI. AND SAT., MARCH 5-6:** "Little Caesar" (1930), Edward G. Robinson.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—In Manhattan, the agency best prepared to assign volunteers to wartime emergency jobs is the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), which is in direct charge of much of the work here and also helps line up civilians who want to serve with the Red Cross and American Women's Voluntary

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Services. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. telephone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O., all of about equal importance, are for (1) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (2) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (3) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (4) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every ten or twelve days receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens, and also to be on call for one eight-hour period each week; (5) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then serve at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions; (6) men and women to take a short training course and then work as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing and salvage.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. to serve as spot workers on short-notice jobs. At the moment, for example, there is a demand for men and women to do clerical work in connection with rationing.

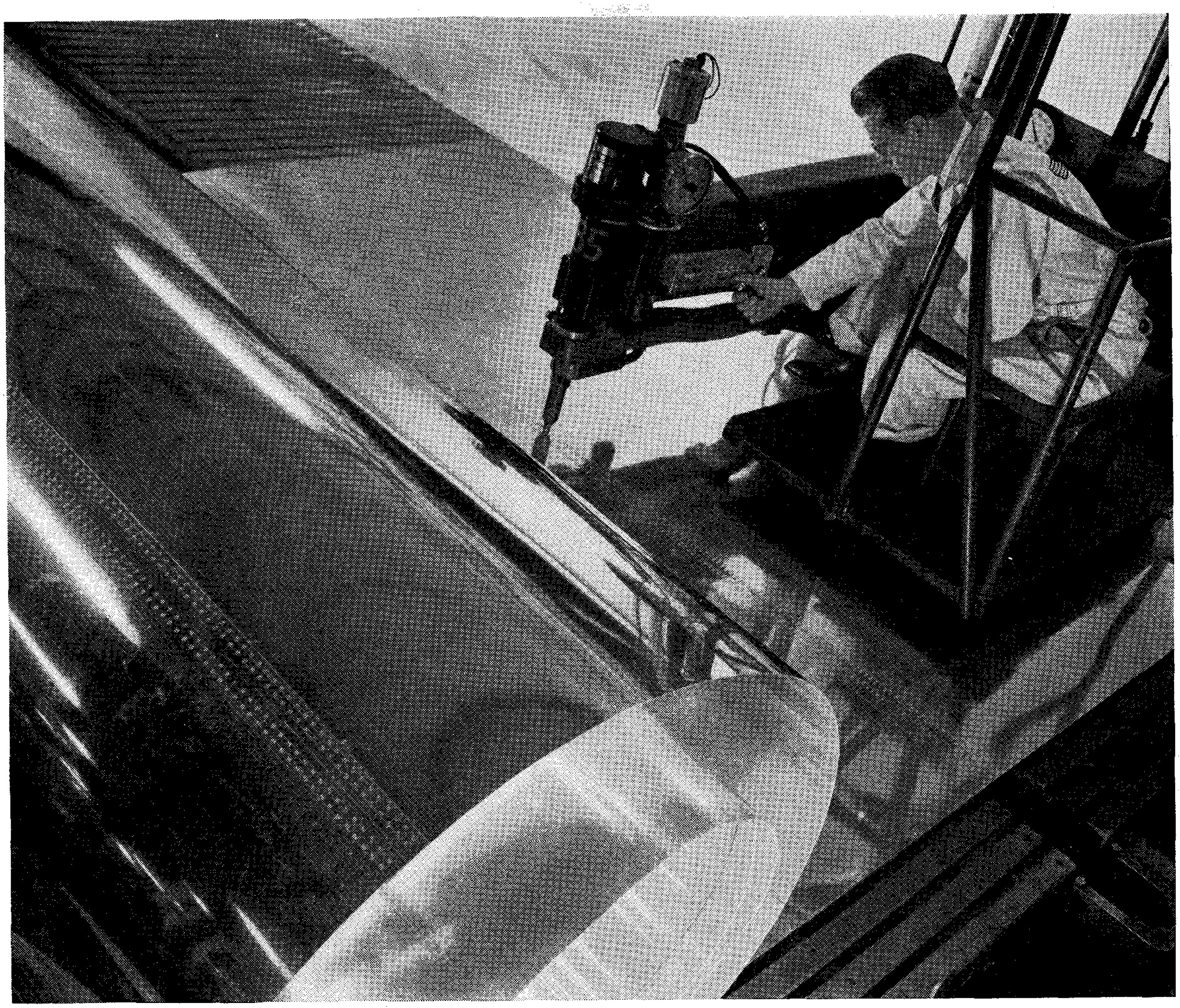
SALVAGE—The need for kitchen fat, which is used in the manufacture of explosives, is growing more acute. Meanwhile, rubber, rags, and tin cans and other scrap metal are just as urgently wanted as ever. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre for kitchen fat. Strain whatever fat you have (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings) into any clean, wide-mouthed can and keep it in a cool place until you have accumulated at least a pound, the smallest amount butchers can be expected to accept. . . . The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rubber, rags, and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and, in the case of smaller quantities, will give you the address of the collection depot nearest your home. . . . To prepare tin cans for salvage, remove their paper labels and cut out both ends; then wash them thoroughly and press them almost flat. Your building superintendent will see that they get into the right hands.

Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones are wanted for the manufacture of gunpowder bags and parachutes, among other things. Most department stores have collection depots in their hosiery departments.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Outside the city, arrangements for volunteering and salvage are not as uniform as they might be; some communities are well organized along these lines and others aren't. The local police should be able to direct you to the proper agency, but if they are no help, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

DONATIONS—The Red Cross is very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Army can use, right now, seven hundred motion-picture projectors (16-mm. sound) for servicemen overseas. If you have one, you can give it to the Army by sending it back to the manufacturer, who will forward it to the proper receiving station. . . . The 1943 Victory Book Campaign, sponsored by the American Library Association, the Red Cross, and the United Service Organizations, is under way, its aim being to get more than 10,000,000 volumes for servicemen both here and abroad. Western and mystery stories are particularly in demand. Borden and Sheffield milkmen are serving as collectors, and books are also being accepted by all public libraries. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute radios, portable phonographs, records, wooden clothes hangers, and playing cards for Army and Navy recreation centres. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A.W.V.S. will fix them up. Cigarettes, of course, can always be used. . . . The Army is looking for dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, pack, and messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements.

NOTE—Under the guidance of the C.D.V.O., a dozen or more Consumer Service Centres have been set up, where anyone puzzled by the problems of adjusting to a wartime economy may go for enlightenment. These centres also have courses of instruction for the housewife. You can find out which centre is nearest you by calling the Consumer Division of the C.D.V.O., LE 2-2870.



The skin of freedom's teeth

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In the photograph above, you see the aluminum "skin" that covers the wings of the Boeing B-17. To speed the output of the thirty-two-ton Fortresses, aluminum alloy sheets were needed of greater dimension than it is practical to manufacture.

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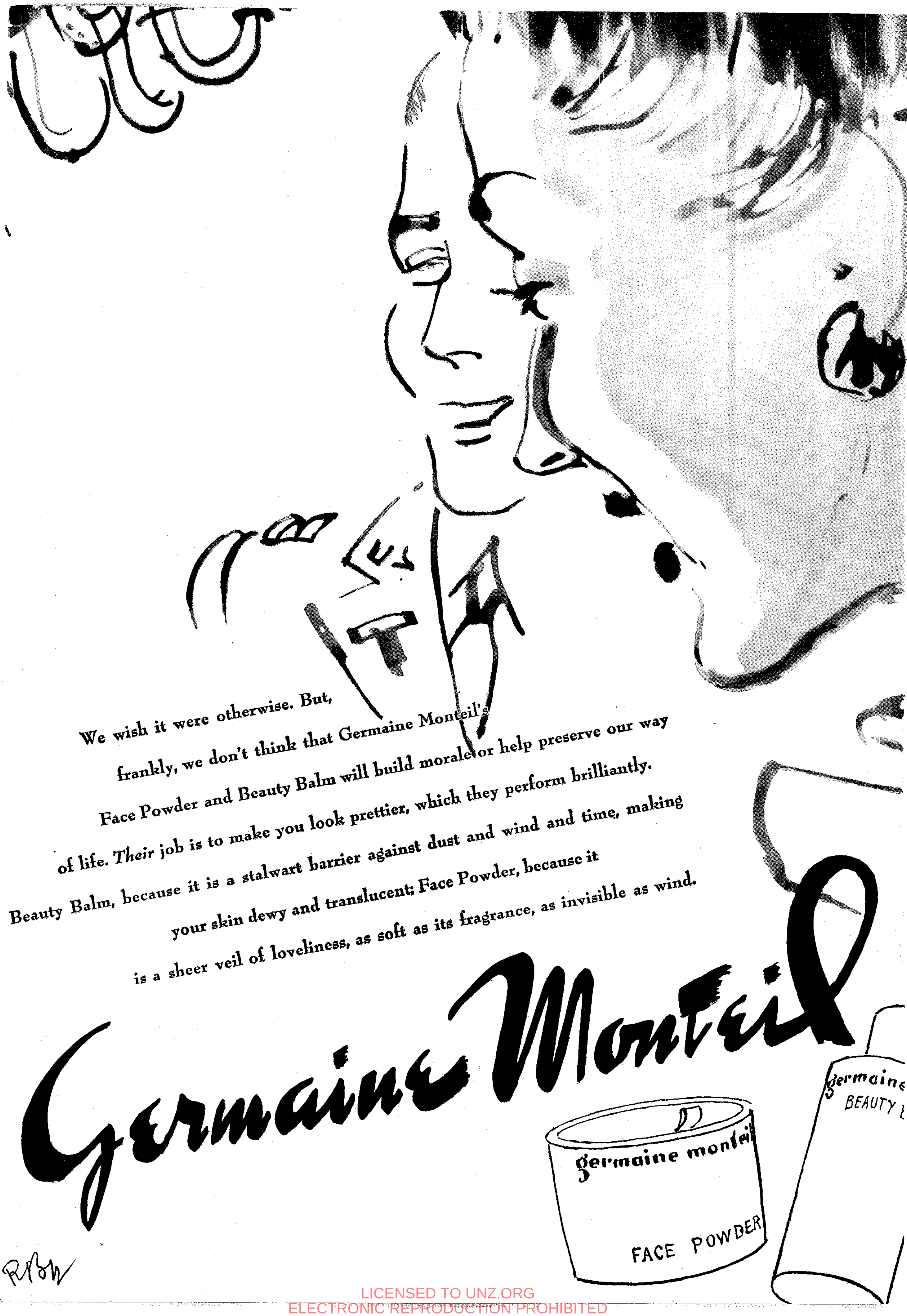


We wish it were otherwise. But, frankly, we don't think that Germaine Monteil's Face Powder and Beauty Balm will build morale or help preserve our way of life. *Their* job is to make you look prettier, which they perform brilliantly. Beauty Balm, because it is a stalwart barrier against dust and wind and time, making your skin dewy and translucent; Face Powder, because it is a sheer veil of loveliness, as soft as its fragrance, as invisible as wind.

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

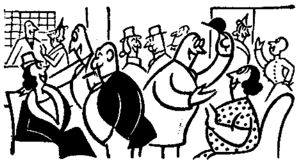
Notes and Comment

PASSING OF TIME NOTE: The Twenty-First Century Film Corporation has dropped out of the new phone book.

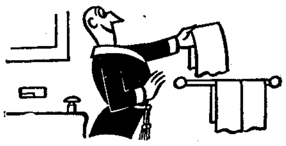
URBAN NOTE: A friend from Andover, New Jersey, tells us that she lost all her small-town terror of the dread impersonality of New York when she went into a restaurant called Paul's Steak House on East Forty-ninth Street the other day and saw on the menu: "Tenderized Ham Steak with Glazed Fruit Doodad." Just like Andover, she says.

BY virtue of the authority conferred upon us as a member of the human race, we declare a closed season, this side of the Atlantic, on gremlins. The gremlins, riding the wings of British combat planes and lousing up the mechanisms at critical moments, have their own peculiar dignity as the Gothic creatures of a civilized imagination that is cheerfully coping with the expectation of sudden death. To American eyes they may look a bit dim and unreal, but that's only because our mythology owes more to Mark Twain than to Lewis Carroll. But gremlins are no joke; they have caused real planes to crash and real men to die. Earthbound, light-fingered gagmen, comic-strip artists, radio comedians, writers of advertising copy, and designers of novelty jewelry are hereby directed to stick to V for Victory, which they have almost spoiled already anyway. Just lay off the gremlins, fellows; if you can't see why, please take our word for it.

WE have been living in a hotel recently, during alterations in our character, and when we got back to the joint the other night after a show we found that it was on fire. It was a nice little blaze, well under control but rather smoky and spectacular. What we particularly noticed, outside of the way the firemen bummed all our cigarettes, was that for the first time the tenants of the place were actually speaking to each other. There is nothing like a good warm fire to break down a New Yorker's solid reserve. The lobby was as clubby as the back room of a saloon, and old residents who had passed each other stonily for twenty years were nodding and exchanging cracks and pleasantries. Probably a fire of harmless proportions is a salutary thing once in a while, in a granite civilization where every room is inviolate and every pan is dead.



SPEAKING of hotels, a friend has been telling us about his attempt to come honestly by a hotel towel—a preposterous project on the face of it. He had long admired the kind of bath towel which his inn supplied—jagged enough to stimulate his skin but not so rough as to draw blood. One time when he was checking out he brought up the question whether he could perhaps *buy* a couple of these excellent towels for his own bathroom at home. The management seemed stupefied and powerless at this request. Finally one of the head men just took him aside and told him that if his intentions were indeed fixed he better use the conventional method of acquiring hotel towels, not start any wild, revolutionary practices which would tear the bookkeeping department all to pieces. The hotelman explained that he need have no particular qualms about pinching a couple of towels, anyway, since all hotels have the theft factor worked out to three decimal places and every tenant who has lived a blameless life has a couple of towels coming to him.



WE feed on prophecies these days, and the slightest doings of a professional prophet are of interest. It was altogether fitting and proper, therefore, for another friend of ours who lives in the same apartment building as Myra Kingsley to report to us that the seeress has just laid in a supply of tea. "For drinking or reading?" we shrewdly asked, but he said he didn't know.

WE wouldn't have said anything about Clare Luce's "globaloney" speech, on the assumption that a flustered woman isn't responsible for anything she says, if it hadn't encouraged Alf Landon to go to town some days later. Landon declared that Vice-President Wallace "and his fellow-travellers are leading us down the same disastrous primrose path in which Hitler has led his people." Somehow, all these blockbusters aimed at Henry Wallace, all the scornful talk of TVA's on the Danube and milk for Hottentots, of globaloney and primrose paths, strike us as unfair. Missouri legislators, we notice, are considering a bill to deprive every dog of his legal right to one bite if that bite happens to be taken out of a mailman or a meter inspector, and we think something of the sort could be worked out for Wallace. Like mailmen and meter inspectors, he is shy, inoffensive, and rendered particularly vulnerable by his current chore, which is simply to dream about a better world than the somewhat chipped one we live in. Sniping at him is just about on the ethical level of waiting until a porter has both hands loaded with your bags and then kicking him in the stomach. Our advice to Representative Luce, ex-Governor

Landon, and the rest is to go easy on the man. For all anyone knows, he *is* dreaming us up a better world, and if that's globaloney, we're for it.

Ad Lib

SEVERAL people have remarked to us upon the new and relaxed social manner of the telephone operators. Perhaps you've noticed yourself that instead of saying only "Your call, plee-uz," "Thank you," and "We are not allowed to give out that information," they now frequently seem to be speaking extemporaneously, coming through with such relatively sparkling conversational gems as "Certainly" and "Of course" and occasionally comforting customers with a sympathetic clucking. This, we find after investigation, is Policy. The Telephone Company likes it, and we gather that the public likes it, too; we are no Gallup Poll, but we can keep an ear to the ground. The Telephone Company wishes it had been able to make the step long ago. Its Mr. Aubrey, whose first name is Gwilym and who is head of the company's training system, informed us that the employment of a fixed phrase for every situation resulted from a shortage of operators in 1929, when use of telephones was increasing madly and the dial system was still in the future. "That year we turned out five thousand nine hundred and eighty new operators, and still there weren't enough," Mr. Aubrey told us, looking feverish at the mere recollection. "We had to take anything we could get. I mean girls who hadn't been through the fourth grade—actually very limited material. We *had* to teach them set questions and answers, because nothing else was safe. And the rising inflection—'Thank *you*' and 'The lion is *busy*'—so it would sound cheerful. I mean that was the *idea.* Poor girls!" Mr. Aubrey sighed.

Well, anyway, things worked out so that after this big boom the company didn't have to train any new operators for almost a decade. First there was the depression and people had their telephones taken out. Then, by the time they could afford them again, the installation of the dial system was well under way, and a good thing too, take Mr. Aubrey's word for it. "With matters going the way they were, without the dial system we figured that in ten years we would have had to employ every girl in New York between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five," he said. Even with the dial system going full blast ("unless you insist upon including certain parts of Westchester," Mr. Aubrey told us dutifully), the industrial revival that began in 1939 made it necessary to hire a lot of new operators. This time, though, the material was more promising, and it was decided to give the girls their heads. During their training period, which takes place in a real telephone exchange, under the eye of a real supervisor, but at boards through which dummy calls are made, the new girls are encouraged to work out their own phrases. If one of them wants to say "All right, sir" instead of "Thank *you*" with a rising inflection, why not? "Now you'll find your telephone operator is a warm, human individual, a companion in your joyous moments, a helpmate in your distress," Mr. Aubrey said. Or, we later gathered when Mr. Aubrey climbed down from these rhapsodical heights, upward of ten per cent of them will be; ninety per cent of the telephone girls are left over from the old "Thank *you*" days and many of them are extremely uncertain about the new free-wheeling.

Bilingual

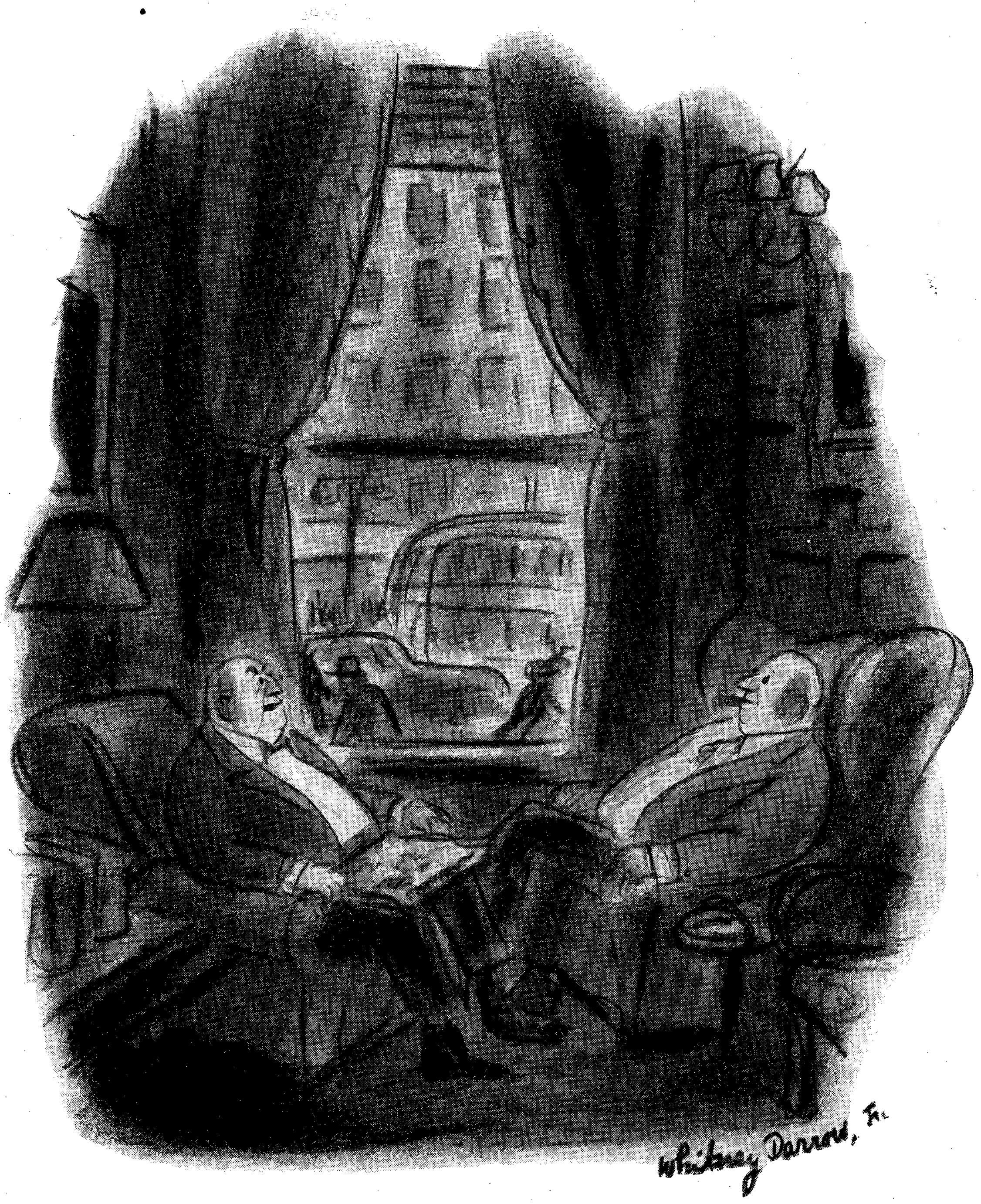
SOMEBODY showed us a letter from overseas in which the writer, after using the expression "*C'est la guerre*," added, "Censor—this means 'It is the war.'" In the margin, firmly pencilled, was a note in another handwriting: "Having enjoyed *La Vie Parisienne* for several years, simple French phraseology presents no difficulties to me. Censor."

Bodley of Arabia

OUR aunt tipped us off that there might be a story in Major Ronald V. C. Bodley, whom she had heard lecture recently at the Colony Club on "The Arabs of North Africa." She was right. The Major is quite a boy, a soldier of fortune if ever there was one and an acknowledged expert on how to win friends and influence Arabs. He's a youthful fifty-one, with blue eyes and auburn hair. We had been told that he was a descendant of the Sir Thomas Bodley who, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, founded the famous Bodleian Library at Oxford; the Major confirmed this, and we learned from him further that his immediate male ancestor was J. E. C. Bodley, the historian. The Major was educated at Eton and Sandhurst and spent three years with an Indian regiment before the outbreak of the first World War. He was wounded several times on the Western Front. After the armistice he went to Paris as a military attaché of the British Embassy. About this time Lloyd George let him in on the fact that the British army was going to be pared down to the bone and advised him to get into diplomacy. T. E. Lawrence, a good friend of the Major, gave him some different and somewhat more arbitrary advice. "Go live with the Arabs," he told the Major. To make a long ladies' club lecture short, that's just what he did, for the next seven years.

The Arabs were no novelty to Bodley. His grandfather, a man of some wealth, had owned an old Turkish palace in Algiers, and the Major, when a youth, had often visited him there. This time, however, he went to live on the Sahara with a tribe of sheep-raising Bedouins. The Major surprised us a little by telling us that three-quarters of the Sahara Desert is actually good grazing land for sheep, needing only a few weeks of rain a year to make it fine for sheepherding. He invested in a flock of sheep and for several years got a return of a hundred and twenty per cent on his investment, which he whacked up with ten shepherds who worked for him. Like all the tribal sheepherders, he travelled under the guidance of the Bedouin chief, who laid down the law on all matters, both spiritual and temporal. The Major lived as a Moslem, praying five times a day, reading only the Koran, abstaining from pork and alcohol, and observing various fasts. Fasting is toughest in the summertime, he told us. For relaxation, there was hunting and story-telling around the campfire in the evening. After seven years he moved along, on the advice of the chief, who said there was no use in his pretending he wasn't an Occidental. After this the Major had a number of well-assorted adventures, including being shipwrecked on one of the Jap-mandated islands in the Yap archipelago and holding down the chair of English literature at a Japanese university. Later he was in Hollywood, on Charlie Chaplin's payroll. He was caught in Paris by the German invasion of France but escaped and came to this country by way of Portugal.

The Major had a number of interesting things to say about North Africa, one being that he had never observed friction between Jews and Arabs in the desert. The Arab sheepherders trade almost exclusively with Jews, always amicably, he says. Also, he thinks our State Department should know the way, or what T. E. Lawrence told him was the way, to win over Arabs to your side in a war. You don't bother with talk about the four freedoms; you just let the word get around that there's a good fight going on and that any Arabs who apply will get high pay and plenty of ammunition. That's what did the trick for Lawrence.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I wrote Woodrow Wilson the same thing in 1917, and he didn't answer me either."

Rage in Heaven

A YOUNG newspaper reporter, assigned to a special service of some sort at one of the big midtown churches, naturally figured out that it would save him a lot of trouble if the pastor happened to have a spare copy of his sermon. Accordingly he set out through the church in search of the pastor's study. Arriving in front of a likely-looking door with a push button beside it, he rang, thinking that even if this wasn't the study he could inquire of whoever answered. He decided not to inquire, however, when it dawned on him that he must have pushed the bell that dismissed Sunday school. As soon as the wave of rollicking little ones had subsided, he crept back to his pew and sat through the service, taking careful notes.

Guadalcanal Birds

WITH the Japs gone from Guadalcanal, we trust that the Americans there will have time to appreciate the bird life of the island, an opportunity that has been available, second-hand, to visitors at the Museum of Natural History for the past several months. The exhibit is in the Whitney Memorial Hall. The other day we had a look at it under the auspices of Dr. Ernst Mayr, an ornithologist who knows our newest Pacific steppingstone from having been on it during a nine-month expedition while a member of the Whitney group which explored the Solomons fifteen years ago. Like the other Solomons, Guadalcanal is tropical, mountainous, and wooded. Dr. Mayr says that there are undoubtedly large parts of the interior which haven't been seen by a white man even yet—or by a yellow man, as far as that goes. Twenty-one species of the island's land birds are mounted in a case arranged to look like a jungle clearing. They are among the shore and lowland inhabitants and hence are the types most likely to be seen by our soldiers.

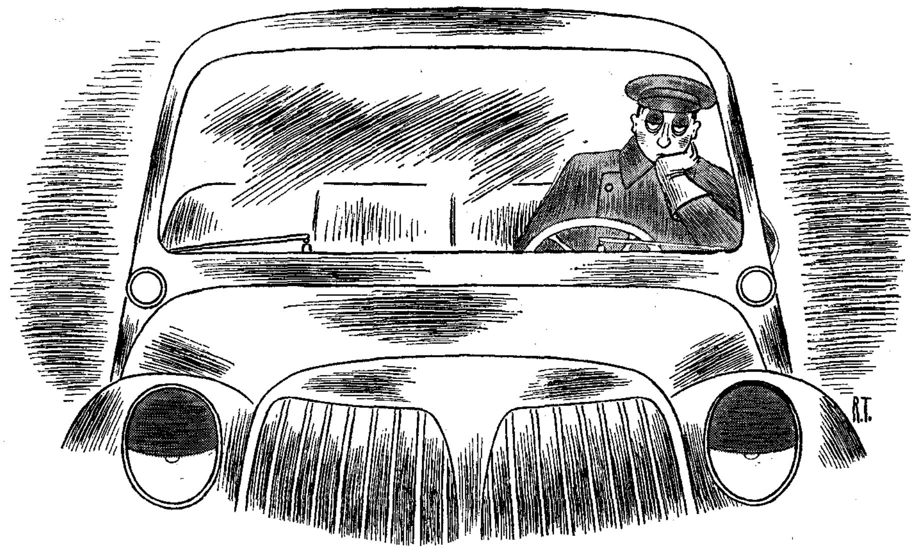
Dr. Mayr pointed out to us a giant swift, a Brahmany kite, and a white cockatoo, all in simulated flight. The last-named, he said, has for some reason never flown the thirty-mile channel between Guadalcanal and San Cristobal, the easternmost of the Solomons and the only one on which it is not found. San Cristobal, for its part, has several birds common to islands to the eastward and not found anywhere else in the Solomons. A minor scientific mystery. The rest of the birds in the exhibit—among them a cuckoo shrike, a scarlet parrot, a flowerpecker, a climbing dwarf parrot, a sunbird, and a brush fowl—are perched about on twigs or on the ground, looking very much at home.

Perhaps the most interesting of them, Dr. Mayr said, is the brush fowl, a dark-colored individual about the size of a bantam hen, which stands in the foreground of the case. Of all birds in the world, its young are the most precocious, having the power of flight as soon as hatched. They can run then, too, like small Jesse Owenses. They reach this high stage of development in the egg because their incubative period is the longest of all land birds—around fifty days. It would be a considerable strain for a mother to brood that long, Dr. Mayr said, and the female brush fowl gets around this by scratching up from the jungle floor a heap of decaying vegetation, laying her eggs on the pile, and letting the heat generated by the decomposition of the vegetation do the trick. It was at first believed that she just walked away after laying her eggs, but Dr. Mayr said that he has seen females return to piles and replace rotting leaves with fresh ones. This not only prevents the temperature from getting too far above the optimum of 98° F. and thus cooking the eggs but also, by exposing the shells, which are porous, replenishes the oxygen supply, without which the eggs would rot. The male, to judge by the little that is known about him, seems just a café-society type.

The climbing dwarf parrot, the smallest of all parrots, clings to an upright twig above the brush fowl in the case. It looks like a green sparrow. Dr. Mayr told us that it has a sharp, spiny tail, investigates bark like a woodpecker, and never seems happier than when living among termites. This affinity extends to a point where the dwarf parrot flies into trees and burrows into the bulbous termite nests to build its own. Dr. Mayr indicated, perched overhead in branches, two more nearly average-sized parrots, one vivid green and the other a startling red and blue. These, he said, were king parrots, respectively male and female, and were the subject of one of ornithology's worst blunders. It was a hundred years after they were first described by a German scientist in 1776 that someone established that the two birds belonged to the same species. Of the remaining hundred-and-twenty-odd kinds of land birds to be found on Guadalcanal, most are mountain dwellers and, although of interest, scholarly and otherwise, they are unlikely, in Dr. Mayr's opinion, to be glimpsed by our occupying forces. They never get down to the Henderson airfield region.

Economics

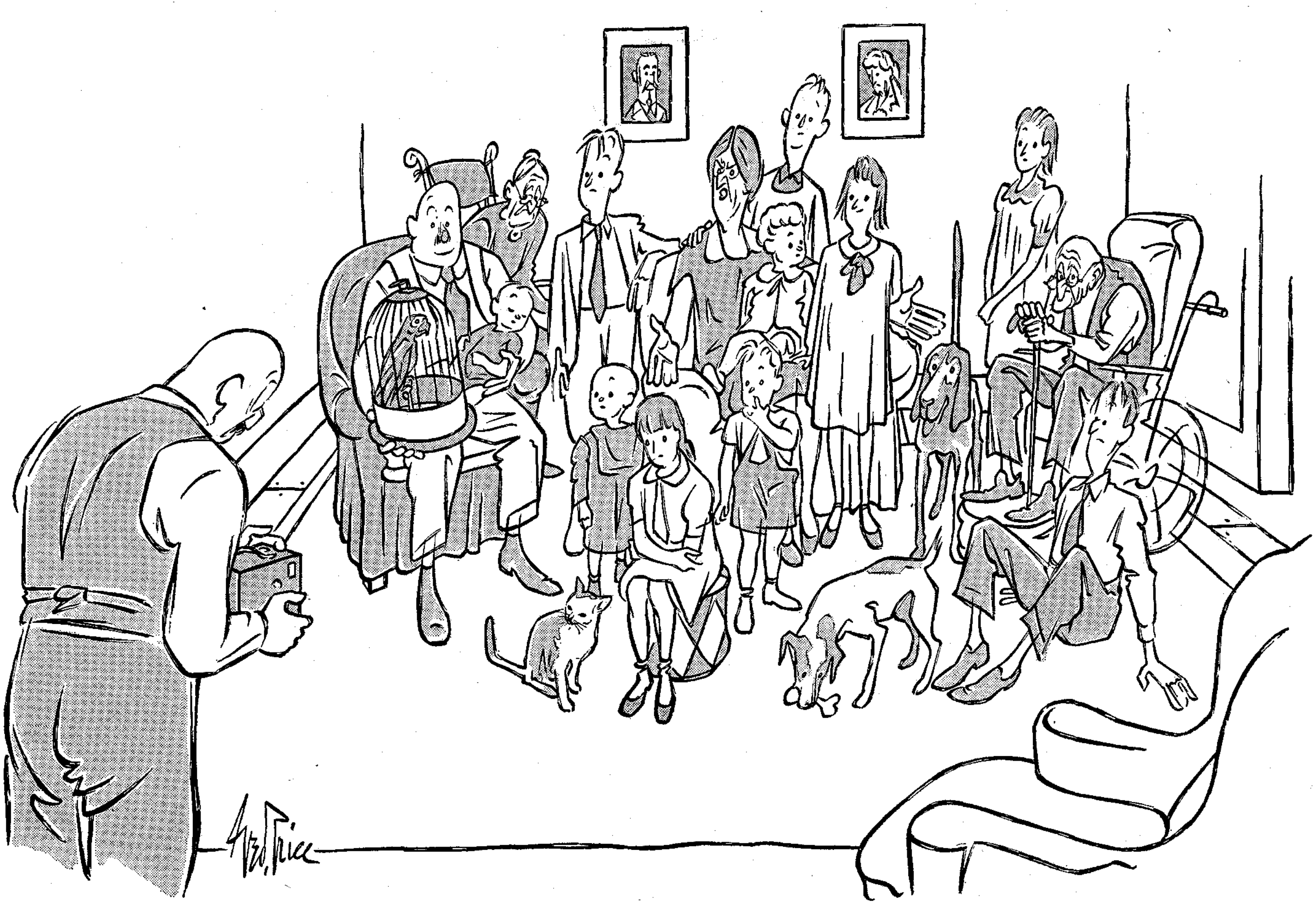
WE present this little tale merely as an indication of what happens during a manpower crisis. A fellow we know was sent by his wife to the corner bakery with instructions to get lots and lots of those pastry shells that are used for certain kinds of canapés (they were having a cocktail party). "How many of these can I get?" he asked the young lady behind the counter, pointing to the tray of pastry shells. She cast an impersonal and speculative glance at him, and said, "Well, they're four cents each."



The Culbertson System

SO that our subscribers will not be surprised if it turns out that the postwar new world order, Henry Wallace aside, is based on a scheme developed, partly in a high fever, by Ely Culbertson, the bridge expert, we interviewed him last week on the details of his World Federation Plan. We might tell you at the start that Culbertson's World Federation Plan is not to be regarded as nut stuff, by any means; we're not saying it will work or even that anybody's going to try to make it work, but it reads O.K. Mr. Culbertson has an article about it in the February *Rdrs Dgst* and has amplified the idea in a book, "Total Peace," which Doubleday Doran are bringing out in June. It is also embodied in a ninety-two-page mimeographed pamphlet which Culbertson thrusts upon anybody who comes within thrusting range. We got our copy last week when we called at his house. We were received by Culbertson's comely secretary, Miss Hazen, who dates back to his cross-ruff days and has learned to take international reorganization in her stride. Lately, she informed us, the master's bridge interests, while not abandoned, have been "decentralized" and more or less take care of themselves. He hasn't dealt a card for weeks, being involved with his publishers, a movie company which plans to make a short based on the World Federation Plan, various Congressmen who have expressed interest, and a number of sympathetic liberals, among them Oswald Garrison Villard, Max Eastman, and Norman Thomas.

Culbertson, suave as ever, told us that he really no longer likes to be thought of as a bridge shark and wrote his autobiography, "The Strange Lives of One Man," three years ago in order to "untype" himself. Even then the World Federation Plan was forming in his mind and he was afraid people wouldn't take it seriously if he were known simply as a card expert. "I am a humble disciple of Woodrow Wilson," he said. "But although I worship him, there is no need for me to make his mistake



"From all I've heard, it's going to take more than any snapshot to soften up the Collector of Internal Revenue."

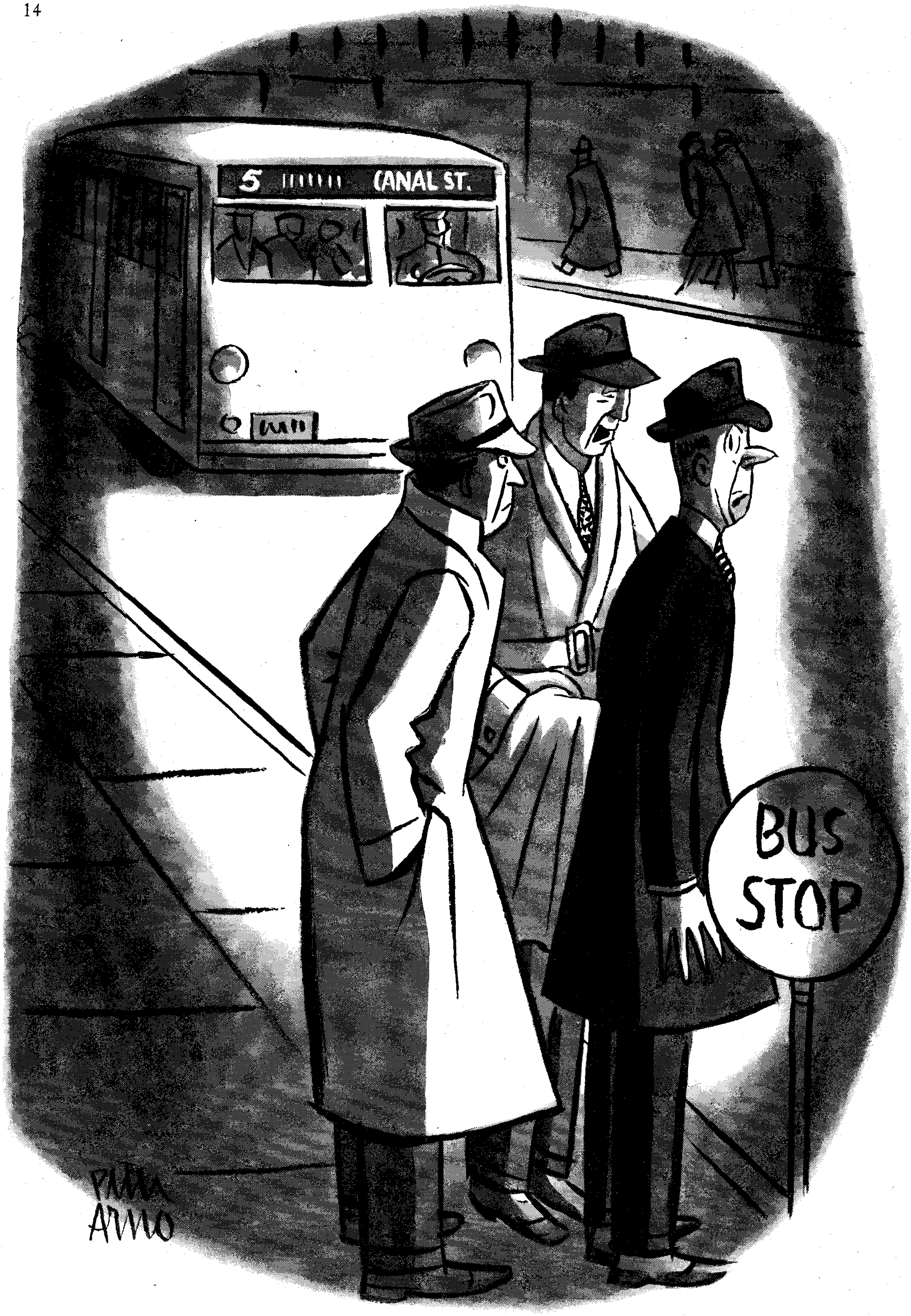
• •

with another League of Nations." Culbertson thinks he has got the bugs out of the League of Nations setup by establishing eleven regional governments, each of which would consist of a number of countries and would send representatives to a world government, which would have executive, legislative, and judicial branches. The countries would still retain their sovereignty, but instead of taking their problems to the World Court they'd settle them at meetings of the regional governments or the world government.

The question of how to keep the world policed without giving any nation an undue preponderance of military power worried Culbertson greatly until, early in 1941, he contracted pneumonia and ran a high temperature. Then, in a light delirium, he evolved something he now calls the Quota Force Principle. "It was from another world," he told us enthusiastically. "Socrates had a demon and so have I." Well, the Quota Force Principle stood up all right in the cold light of 98.6, and it stood up later under an intensive analysis by Bertrand Russell, whom Culbertson engaged to locate any possible flaws. As we understand it, it calls for an international police force made up of two elements, National Contingents and a Mobile Corps. Each country would be allowed to have a National Contingent, which is nothing more or less than a standing army that could be trained and indoctrinated any way the individual countries liked but that would be strictly limited in size according to area and population. The Mobile Corps would be made up exclusively of men from the small countries and would be bigger than any one National Contingent; this outfit would be the trouble-shooter, first on the scene to quell any nationalist skulduggery. If the need should arise, the world government would call on the National Contingents, but no soldier would ever be ordered to fire against his own countrymen. There's a lot of other stuff, of course: the world president would serve six years and the first one would be from the Americas; Jews would count as Jews if in Palestine, otherwise as nationals of whatever country they would be living in; Great Britain would stay in India for a while longer; the manufacture of heavy armament would be a world-government monopoly. Culbertson's big discovery seems to be simply that a world order need be no more complicated than contract bridge.

Looking Backward

WELL, it seems that when this rich family had to give up their cars and chauffeurs they took to a horse and carriage, bringing in from their country place an old man who had worked for them for forty years and who, before the last World War, had been quite a hand with the reins in urban traffic. His first day on the new job his mistress called him around at one o'clock and asked to be taken down to the Waldorf-Astoria, where she was lunching. Pretty soon she became conscious that she had passed Forty-ninth Street and was still clopping briskly southward. "Henry!" she cried. "I said I wanted to go to the Waldorf." "Yis, Ma'am," the coachman wheezed. "That's where we're goin'—right down to Thirty-fourth Street."


5 CANAL ST.
BUS STOP
PETER ARNO

"We're taking you for a little ride, Blackie."

THE SECRET LIFE OF JAMES THURBER

I HAVE only dipped here and there into Salvador Dali's "The Secret Life of Salvador Dali" (with paintings by Salvador Dali and photographs of Salvador Dali), because anyone afflicted with what my grandmother's sister Abigail called "the permanent jumps" should do no more than skitter through such an autobiography, particularly in these melancholy times.

One does not have to skitter far before one comes upon some vignette which gives the full shape and flavor of the book: the youthful dreamer of dreams biting a sick bat or kissing a dead horse, the slender stripling going into man's estate with the high hope and fond desire of one day eating a live but roasted turkey, the sighing lover covering himself with goat dung and aspic that he might give off the true and noble odor of the ram. In my flying trip through Dali I caught other glimpses of the great man: Salvador adoring a seed ball fallen from a plane tree, Salvador kicking a tiny playmate off a bridge, Salvador caressing a crutch, Salvador breaking the old family doctor's glasses with a leather-thonged mattress-beater. There would appear to be only two things in the world that revolt him (and I don't mean a long-dead hedgehog). He is squeamish about skeletons and grasshoppers. Oh, well, we all have our idiosyncrasies.

Señor Dali's memoirs have set me to thinking. I find myself muttering as I shave, and on two occasions I have swung my crutch at a little neighbor girl on my way to the post office. Señor Dali's book sells for six dollars. My own published personal history (Harper & Bros., 1933) sold for $1.75. At the time I complained briefly about this unusual figure, principally on the ground that it represented only fifty cents more than the price asked for a book called "The Adventures of Horace the Hedgehog," published the same month. The publishers explained that the price was a closely approximated vertical, prefigured on the basis of probable ceiling, which in turn was arrived at by taking into consideration the effect on diminishing returns of the horizontal factor.

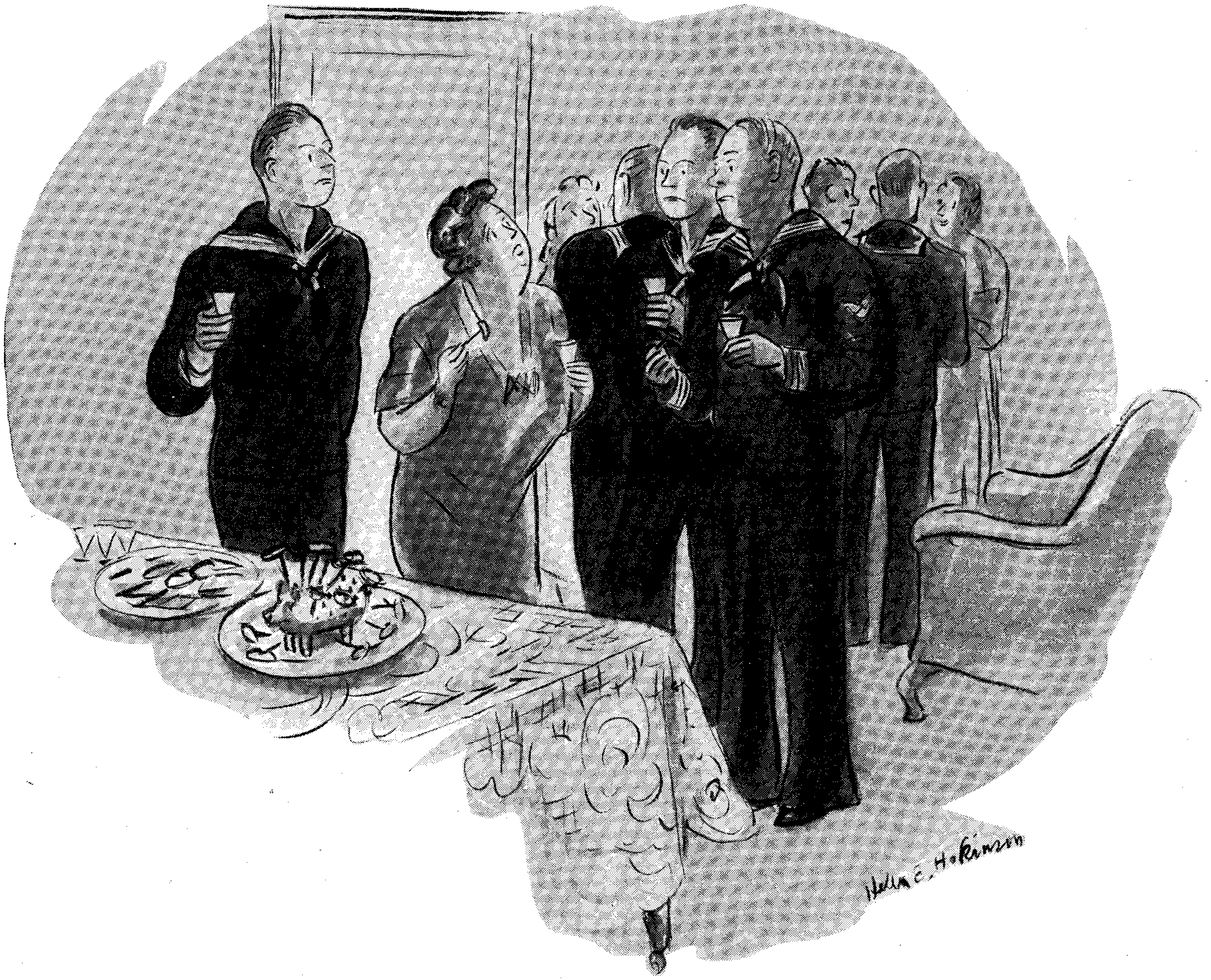
In those days all heads of business firms adopted a guarded kind of double talk, commonly expressed in low, muffled tones, because nobody knew what was going to happen and nobody understood what had. Big business had been frightened by a sequence of economic phenomena which had clearly demonstrated that our civilization was in greater danger of being turned off than of gradually crumbling away. The upshot of it all was that I accepted the price of $1.75. In so doing, I accepted the state of the world as a proper standard by which the price of books should be fixed. And now, with the world in ten times as serious a condition as it was in 1933, Dali's publishers set a price of six dollars on his life story. This brings me to the inescapable conclusion that the price-fixing principle, in the field of literature, is not global but personal. The trouble, quite simply, is that I told too much about what went on in the house I lived in and not enough about what went on inside myself.

LET me be the first to admit that the naked truth about me is to the naked truth about Salvador Dali as an old ukulele in the attic is to a piano in a tree, and I mean a piano with breasts. Señor Dali has the jump on me from the beginning. He remembers and describes in detail what it was like in the womb. My own earliest memory is of accompanying my father to a polling booth in Columbus, Ohio, where he voted for William McKinley.

It was a drab and somewhat battered tin shed set on wheels, and it was filled with guffawing men and cigar smoke; all in all, as far removed from the paradisiacal placenta of Salvador Dali's first recollection as could well be imagined. A fat, jolly man dandled me on his knee and said that I would soon be old enough to vote against William Jennings Bryan. I thought he meant that I could push a folded piece of paper into the slot of the padlocked box as soon as my father was finished. When this turned out not to be true, I had to be carried out of the place kicking and screaming. In my struggles I knocked my father's derby off several times. The derby was not a monstrously exciting love object to me, as practically everything Salvador encountered was to him, and I doubt, if I had that day to live over again, that I could bring myself, even in the light of exotic dedication as I now know it, to conceive an intense and perverse affection for the derby. It remains obstinately in my memory as a rather funny hat, a little too large in the crown, which gave my father the appearance of a tired, sensitive gentleman who had been persuaded against his will to take part in a game of charades.

We lived on Champion Avenue at the time, and the voting booth was on Mound Street. As I set down these names, I begin to perceive an essential and important difference between the infant Salvador and the infant me. This difference can be stated in terms of environment. Salvador was brought up in Spain, a country colored by the legends of Hannibal, El Greco, and Cervantes. I was brought up in Ohio, a region steeped in the tradition of Coxey's Army, the Anti-Saloon League, and William Howard Taft. It is only natural that the weather in little Salvador's soul should have been stirred by stranger winds and enveloped in more fantastic mists than the weather in my own soul. But enough of mewling apology for my lacklustre early years. Let us get back to my secret life, such as it was, stopping just long enough to have another brief look at Señor Dali on our way.

SALVADOR DALI's mind goes back to a childhood half imagined and half real, in which the edges of actuality were sometimes less sharp than the edges of dream. He seems somehow to have got the idea that this sets him off from Harry Spencer, Charlie Doakes, I. Feinberg, J. J. McNaboe, Willie Faulkner, Herbie Hoover, and me. What Salvie had that the rest of us kids didn't was the perfect scenery, characters, and costumes for his desperate little rebellion against the clean, the conventional, and the comfortable. He put perfume on his hair (which would have cost him his life in, say, Bayonne, N.J., or Youngstown, Ohio), he owned a lizard with two tails, he wore silver buttons on his shoes, and he knew, or imagined he knew, little girls named Galuchka and



“Now, let me see. What are *you allowed to talk about?”*

Dullita. Thus he was born halfway along the road to paranoia, the soft Poictesme of his prayers, the melting Oz of his oblations, the capital, to put it so that you can see what I am trying to say, of his heart’s desire. Or so, anyway, it must seem to a native of Columbus, Ohio, who, as a youngster, bought his twelve-dollar suits at the F. & R. Lazarus Co., had his hair washed out with Ivory soap, owned a bull terrier with only one tail, and played (nicely and a bit diffidently) with little girls named Irma and Betty and Ruby.

Another advantage that the young Dali had over me, from the standpoint of impetus toward paranoia, lay in the nature of the adults who peopled his real world. There was, in Dali’s home town of Figueras, a family of artists named Pitchot (musicians, painters, and poets), all of whom adored the ground that the *enfant terrible* walked on. If one of them came upon him throwing himself from a high rock—a favorite relaxation of our hero—or hanging by his feet with his head immersed in a pail of water, the wild news was spread about the town that greatness and genius had come to Figueras. There was a woman who put on a look of maternal interest when Salvador threw rocks at her. The mayor of the town fell dead one day at the boy’s feet. A doctor in the community (not the one he had horsewhipped) was seized of a fit and attempted to beat him up. (The contention that the doctor was out of his senses at the time of the assault is Dali’s, not mine.)

The adults around me when I was in short pants were neither so glamorous nor so attentive. They consisted mainly of eleven maternal great-aunts, all Methodists, who were staunch believers in physic, mustard plasters, and Scripture, and it was part of their dogma that artistic tendencies should be treated in the same way as hiccups or hysterics. None of them was an artist, unless you can count Aunt Lou, who wrote sixteen-stress verse, with hit-and-miss rhymes, in celebration of people’s birthdays or on the occasion of great national disaster. It never occurred to me to bite a bat in my aunts’ presence or to throw stones at them. There was one escape, though: my secret world of idiom.

Two years ago my wife and I, looking for a house to buy, called on a firm of real-estate agents in New Milford. One of the members of the firm, scrabbling through a metal box containing many keys, looked up to say, “The key to the Roxbury house isn’t here.” His partner replied, “It’s a common lock. A skeleton will let you in.” I was suddenly once again five years old, with wide eyes and open mouth. I pictured the Roxbury house as I would have pictured it as a small boy, a house of such dark and nameless horrors as have never crossed the mind of our little batbiter.

It was of sentences like that, nonchalantly tossed off by real-estate dealers, great-aunts, clergymen, and other such prosaic persons that the enchanted private world of my early boyhood was made. In this world, businessmen who phoned their wives to say that they were tied up at the office sat roped to their swivel chairs, and probably gagged, unable to move or speak, except somehow, miraculously, to telephone; hundreds of thousands of businessmen tied to their chairs in hundreds of thousands of offices in every city of my fantastic cosmos. An especially fine note about the binding of all the businessmen in all the cities was that whoever did it always did it around five o'clock in the afternoon.

Then there was the man who left town under a cloud. Sometimes I saw him all wrapped up in the cloud, and invisible, like a cat in a burlap sack. At other times it floated, about the size of a sofa, three or four feet above his head, following him wherever he went. One could think about the man under the cloud before going to sleep; the image of him wandering around from town to town was a sure soporific.

Not so the mental picture of a certain Mrs. Huston, who had been terribly cut up when her daughter died on the operating table. I could see the doctors too vividly, just before they set upon Mrs. Huston with their knives, and I could hear them. "Now, Mrs. Huston, will we get up on the table like a good girl, or will we have to be put there?" I could usually fight off Mrs. Huston before I went to sleep, but she frequently got into my dreams, and sometimes she still does.

I remember the grotesque creature that came to haunt my meditations when one evening my father said to my mother, "What did Mrs. Johnson say when you told her about Betty?" and my mother replied, "Oh, she was all ears." There were many other wonderful figures in the secret, surrealist landscapes of my youth: the old lady who was always up in the air, the husband who did not seem to be able to put his foot down, the man who lost his head during a fire but was still able to run out of the house yelling, the young lady who was, in reality, a soiled dove. It was a world that, of necessity, one had to keep to oneself and brood over in silence, because it would fall to pieces at the touch of words. If you brought it out into the light of actual day and put it to the test of questions, your parents would try to laugh the miracles away, or they would take your temperature and put you to bed. (Since I always ran a temperature, whenever it was taken, I was put to bed and left there all alone with Mrs. Huston.)

Such a world as the world of my childhood is, alas, not yearproof. It is a ghost that, to use Henley's words, gleams, flickers, vanishes away. I think it must have been the time my little Cousin Frances came to visit us that it began surely and forever to dissolve. I came into the house one rainy dusk and asked where Frances was. "She is," said our cook, "up in the front room crying her heart out." The fact that a person could cry so hard that his heart would come out of his body, as perfectly shaped and glossy as a red velvet pincushion, was news to me. For some reason I had never heard the expression, so common in American families whose hopes and dreams run so often counter to attainment. I went upstairs and opened the door of the front room. Frances, who was three years older than I, jumped up off the bed and ran past me, sobbing, and down the stairs.

My search for her heart took some fifteen minutes. I tore the bed apart and kicked up the rugs and even looked in the bureau drawers. It was no good. I looked out the window at the rain and the darkening sky. My cherished mental image of the man under the cloud began to grow dim and fade away. I discovered that, all alone in a room, I could face the thought of Mrs. Huston with cold equanimity. Downstairs, in the living room, Frances was still crying. I began to laugh.

Ah there, Salvador!

—James Thurber

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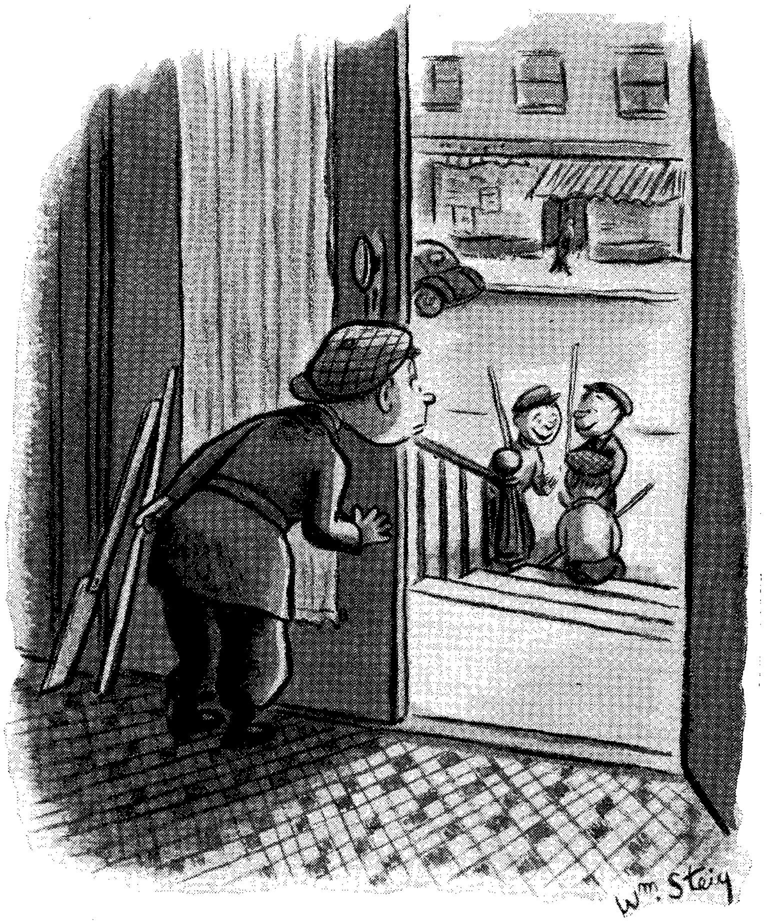
The possible mechanism through which this inheritance may work has been further clarified by Sturtevant's and Dobzhansky's observation that at maturation of this genotype the sex chromosome undergoes equational division at each meiotic division, the Y degenerates and the autosomes behave normally.—*From an article by John W. Gowen and Ronald H. Nelson in Science.*

They behave normally while they're being watched, anyway.



SMALL FRY

Siege

THE ROUT OF MRS. ARTHUR

THERE was the usual pre-session bustle in the Red Cross home-nursing-course classroom when the smartly dressed Mrs. Rudd arrived a few minutes before three. The ladies occupied two rows of folding chairs, and Miss Howe, the nurse in charge, sat at her desk on the rostrum in front of them. Mrs. Rudd, whose volatile nervous system was concealed under an exquisitely cool exterior, looked around from under her Lilly Daché cloche for a seat. There was a very obvious one in the front row. It entailed, however, sitting next to the chunky Mrs. Arthur, who never failed to keep two lessons in advance of the assigned one in the Red Cross home-nursing manual. Mrs. Rudd chose a vacant seat in the second row. She decidedly did not like the stalwart Mrs. Arthur.

When the hands of the clock on Miss Howe's desk stood at three, she arose promptly, opened her notebook, and called the roll. Then she closed her notebook and addressed the class.

"I think I asked you all to bring watches with second hands," she said, "as today we are going to do pulses. You must take three perfect pulses to pass the course. That's harder than it sounds," she warned. "It's *very* difficult for a beginner to get a correct count." A murmur of interest went up from the class.

Miss Howe continued with her lecture. "Every time the heart beats, blood is forced from it into the arteries, causing the arterial walls to expand. This expansion is called the pulse." She paused to look severely at several members of the class who were not bothering to write down the definition in their notebooks. "That's an examination question, by the way," she said. The recalcitrant ladies scribbled furiously.

"The pulse may be felt at the base of the throat, at the ankle, the temple, or the wrist," said Miss Howe, "but of course we generally take it at the wrist. The average pulse count for an adult is from sixty to ninety beats a minute, for a child from ninety to a hundred and fifteen beats, and for a baby from a hundred and ten to a hundred and thirty beats." Miss Howe stressed the figures to indicate their importance. "This range may vary with temperature, age, exercise, diet, and emotion," she continued.

"What sort of emotion?" asked Mrs. Green, a large, fluttery lady in the front row. "You mean love and things like that?"

"Any strong emotion might disturb the pulse's rate," said Miss Howe.

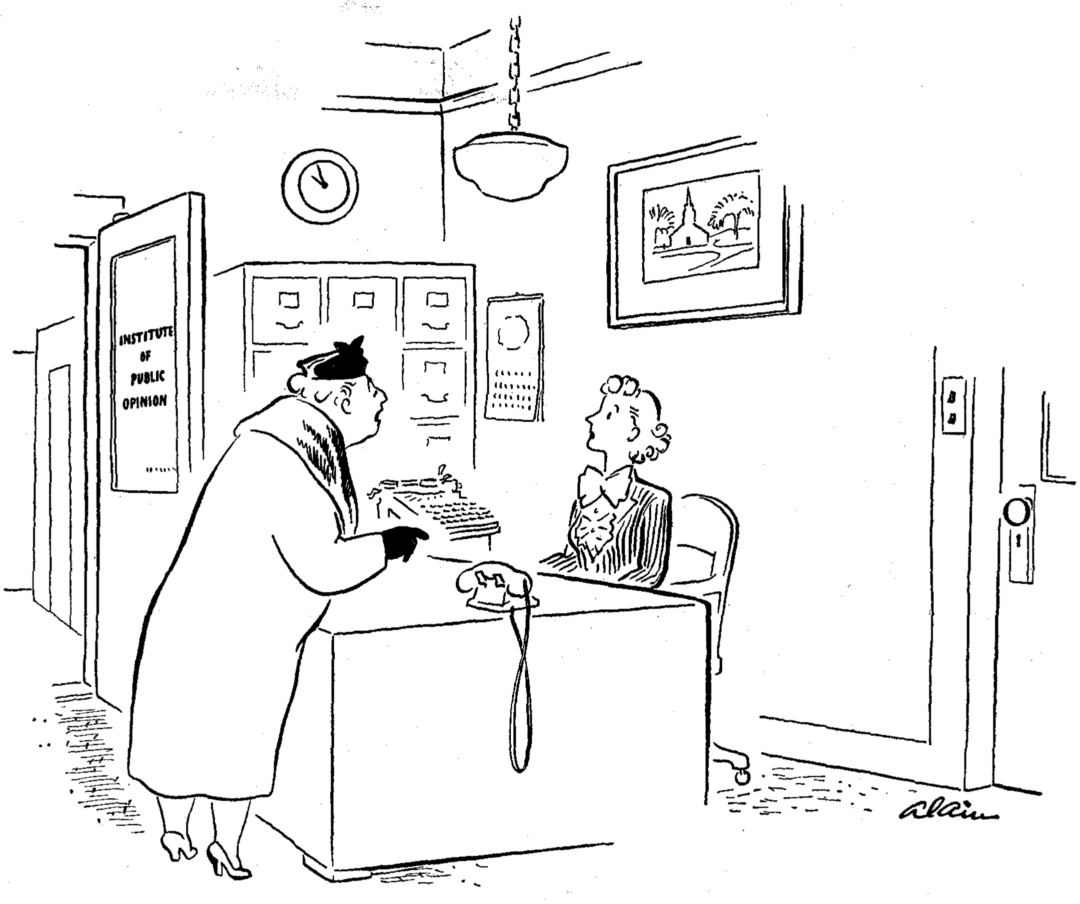
"*And* its *rhythm*," interrupted Mrs. Arthur. Mrs. Rudd, in the rear row, pursed her lips in distaste.

"True," said Miss Howe, giving Mrs. Arthur an acid look; she, too, could be irritated by her best pupil's desire to take charge of the class. "I'll continue. As the first step in the lesson, I will make a record of each of your pulses to use in checking your own attempts later on. Come, Mrs. Green, you first," she said.

Obediently Mrs. Green hurried to the nurse's desk. The class maintained a rapt silence while Miss Howe, her eyes fixed on the second hand of her clock, held Mrs. Green's wrist. At the end of a minute she released it and wrote the pulse count down in her notebook. Swiftly she repeated the process with each member of the class.

"Now," said Miss Howe as the last pulse was recorded, "*you* will start. Form a circle so that each of you will get a pulse, and when I say 'Go,' start counting." Instantly classroom decorum went into a rapid decline. Chairs were rearranged, purses were searched for watches, feminine accessories clattered to the floor as each lady pursued the wrist of a neighbor, who in turn was busily engaged in trying to corral the unengaged arm of the lady next to her. Mrs. Rudd managed to keep a good distance between herself and her bête noire, Mrs. Arthur. Finally the group settled down into what looked like an untidy séance circle. Each lady, patient and nurse at the same time, hung on like grim death with her right hand to a neighbor's left wrist while her own left wrist lay defenseless in the grip of a lady no whit less determined than herself.

Miss Howe watched from her desk with the patience of one long accustomed to seeing adults act in this manner. "All right?"



"I've got to see Dr. Gallup. I've changed my mind."

• •

she asked. "Everyone ready?"

"No," gasped the fluttery Mrs. Green, who had caught Mrs. Arthur's forearm and was fingering up and down it in desperation. "I can't feel anything. Wait a minute . . . There!" she exclaimed triumphantly, digging a nail into her patient's stout wrist.

"Ouch!" cried Mrs. Arthur.

"I *beg* your pardon," said Mrs. Green.

"Go!" said Miss Howe.

There was instant and complete silence. The class sat rigid, brooding over their patients. As the seconds throbbed away, Mrs. Green began new and frantic clutchings.

"I've lost it!" she wailed.

"Sh-sh-sh!" a chorus hissed.

"Near the end," warned Miss Howe, her eyes fixed on her clock. "Stop counting." The class relaxed noisily. "Write down your results," said Miss Howe. "How did it go?"

"Awful," said Mrs. Green. She was chagrined at seeing Mrs. Arthur write *her* patient's pulse down in her notebook with a confident flourish. "Mrs. Arthur's pulse is *very* faint," she said. "Once I thought I had it, but I really didn't at all."

Mrs. Arthur turned on her. "My pulse is very strong. You were using your thumb. No wonder you couldn't find it."

"You must use your index finger, Mrs. Green," Miss Howe explained. "Your thumb has an artery in it."

"Mrs. Green's pulse is so fast that it scared me," Mrs. Green's other neighbor said. "It jumped all over the place." With considerable professional interest, everyone turned to look at Mrs. Green, who straightened proudly in her chair.

"Mrs. Green told me she is taking thyroid. That's probably the reason," said Miss Howe. The class, including Mrs. Arthur, stared in open admiration.

"Don't you think this time we had better change partners?" said Mrs. Arthur.

"Well, all right," the nurse said. There was an undignified crowding toward the interesting, thyroidal Mrs. Green, but Mrs. Arthur already had the prize by the wrist and was holding on to her determinedly. The other ladies, baffled, found themselves less exciting cases and after a few moments settled down. "Now, class, we'll start once again if you're ready," said the nurse.

This time the silence was unbroken. When Miss Howe gave the signal to stop, the lady who had been testing Mrs. Arthur cried, "Why, Mrs. Arthur, you've a pulse like a horse! It's really wonderful to take." Mrs. Arthur nodded in pleased agreement.

"I just can't seem to get anything!" Mrs. Green wailed.

Miss Howe came to her rescue and spent some time showing her how to find her patient's pulse.

AFTER a third trial, the class settled back in their chairs in moderate confusion to compare notes and look speculatively over their records.

"Now we will see the results," said Miss Howe. "When I call your name, read me your patients' names and their pulse counts as you took them. I will allow you an error of six beats, but if your error is greater than that you must continue taking the same pulse until you get it correct."

Except for Mrs. Arthur, who came through with a perfect score, the class was definitely ragged.

"We *must* get these pulses correct," said Miss Howe. "Everybody, with the exception of Mrs. Arthur, get busy again." Mrs. Arthur, with maddening calm, took to reading her home-nursing manual. The next fifteen minutes passed in a feverish round of moving of chairs, silence, reading of reports, subdued chatter, and moving of chairs again.

Finally all the ladies managed to get three satisfactory readings except Mrs. Green, who by chance had become involved with Mrs. Rudd and was stuck on that dainty lady's pulse. For several minutes Mrs. Rudd had been stoically withstanding Mrs. Green's gougings and was on the whole bearing up remarkably for a lady in her curious position.

"No, seventy-two is not right for Mrs. Rudd," said Miss Howe when Mrs. Green announced her count again.

"Oh, dear," moaned Mrs. Green, "I *do* wish I knew what I was doing wrong."

Mrs. Arthur stopped reading her manual and glanced up at Miss Howe. "May *I* help Mrs. Green with Mrs. Rudd's pulse?" she demanded.

"Why, yes," assented Miss Howe.

"Oh, my God!" thought Mrs. Rudd,

feeling her heart beat increase and adrenaline surge hot and poisonous through her veins. She was in a trap, as sure as God made little apples. That idiot Arthur woman was going to lay hands on her. No evidence of internal ferment showed on her pretty face, but her pulse spiralled up like an anti-aircraft shell.

Mrs. Arthur walked over to Mrs. Green, delivered a whole new lecture on the mysteries of pulse-taking, and then said, "Now, Mrs. Green, we will *both* take Mrs. Rudd's pulse." Each lady took one of Mrs. Rudd's wrists and began counting silently. In a few seconds Mrs. Arthur's scientific calm abandoned her.

"Why, Mrs. Rudd!" she gasped. Mrs. Rudd regarded her with composure.

"Are you sure you're well?" asked Mrs. Arthur.

"I think I'd be conscious of it if I weren't," replied Mrs. Rudd.

"What's the trouble?" asked Miss Howe.

"Why, Mrs. Rudd's pulse is terribly rapid," said Mrs. Arthur.

"Is it clear?" asked Miss Howe.

"It is to me," said the competent Mrs. Arthur.

"Then please go ahead and take it," said the nurse. Mrs. Rudd was wondering desperately how in the world she could get this damned woman off her wrist with any sort of dignity, but no suitable plan came to mind.

At the end of a minute Mrs. Arthur released one of Mrs. Rudd's wrists and Mrs. Green released the other. "One hundred and twenty is the pulse count," Mrs. Arthur said. Mrs. Green stood by, apparently too dazed to speak, while a gasp went up from the class.

"Impossible," replied Miss Howe.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Arthur.

"The figure is too high," said the nurse.

"I am *certain* I took it correctly," replied Mrs. Arthur.

"Well," said Miss Howe with some exasperation, "*that* figure is far from the one I had. *I* will take Mrs. Rudd's count again." Hurray, thought Mrs. Rudd.

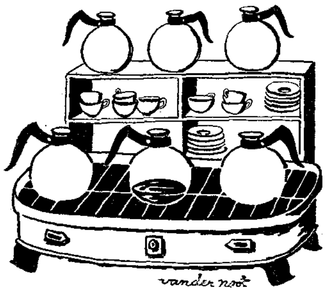
Miss Howe rose and made her way to Mrs. Rudd, motioning Mrs. Green and Mrs. Arthur to one side, and took Mrs. Rudd's wrist. "You had your finger right here?" she asked Mrs. Arthur.

"I did," said her antagonist in a confident tone.

Miss Howe smiled down at Mrs. Rudd. "I'm sure you won't mind this little interruption," she said soothingly. "May I borrow your watch, please?"

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Rudd, whose internal jitters had completely gone.

In total silence the class watched the nurse. At the end of a minute Miss Howe dropped Mrs. Rudd's wrist and returned her watch. "Eighty-six is the figure I *originally* had; eighty-eight is the pulse count *now*," she announced.



"Eighty-eight?" said Mrs. Green, suddenly starting and blinking. "Why, that's the count *I* had."

"I'm sure it is," said Mrs. Rudd sweetly, smiling at Mrs. Green in a most friendly manner. She did not glance at Mrs. Arthur, who, covered with wounds, was making her way back to her seat in utter rout.

—Katharine Theobald

THE TASTE OF NEW ENGLAND

On winter days alone one finds New England.
Brown slush creeps from South Station toward the India Wharf.
The bromine State House dome blends with the fog;
Upon the sullen muck, the powder-sprinkled newness
of the snow, like sugar on burned hot cross buns,
Dissolves again. The taste of brown grits in the mouth.

Brown is New England's color: the brown of sunburnt barns
on Vermont hills,
The reddish brown beneath kelp-tangled rocks that thrust
against the sea;
Umbers, cedars, bistres, coffees, chocolates, cinnamons;
The brown of sandalwood from India, Cuba's mahogany, and
milo from Hawaii;
The brown of rotting wharves at Newburyport and Gloucester;
Brewed tea, tarred hemp, brown kegs and bean pots,
smoked fish and tarpaulin;
Brown coils of rope, the spider brown of fishing nets;
froth brown of turbid rivers in spring flood;
Brown tastes, acrid with spice or smoke; the tanner's brown
at Lynn; butternut smears upon the hand;
Brown bacon rind, brown cider, plowed meadows, brown russets
that outstay the fall;
The moss-brown velvet of the tidal flats; brown oak leaves
that scrape against a sodden sky.

Pull off New England's shroud! White is for surfaces alone—
white is for coverlets and icing.
Dissolve the genteel paint; scour the wood until you find the grain!
Beneath the mask you'll come upon the dark New England,
Dark as a face that's sailed around the Horn and blistered
under the equator.
That's it: the sumac brown; the Fairbanks House and Hawthorne's
Seven Gables;
Richardson's Sever Hall, his shingled house on Brattle Street,
his earth-brown libraries;
The smoke-charred soul of Melville standing alone,
grim as a chimney when the house is gone.

Here is a proper home and, what is more, a destination;
This is what makes one hunger for the walnut-bitter hills
And poke around the tunnelled root cellars of old farmhouses,
Where, at winter dawn, a pin of light between the rocks
Shines like a sun.

—Lewis Mumford

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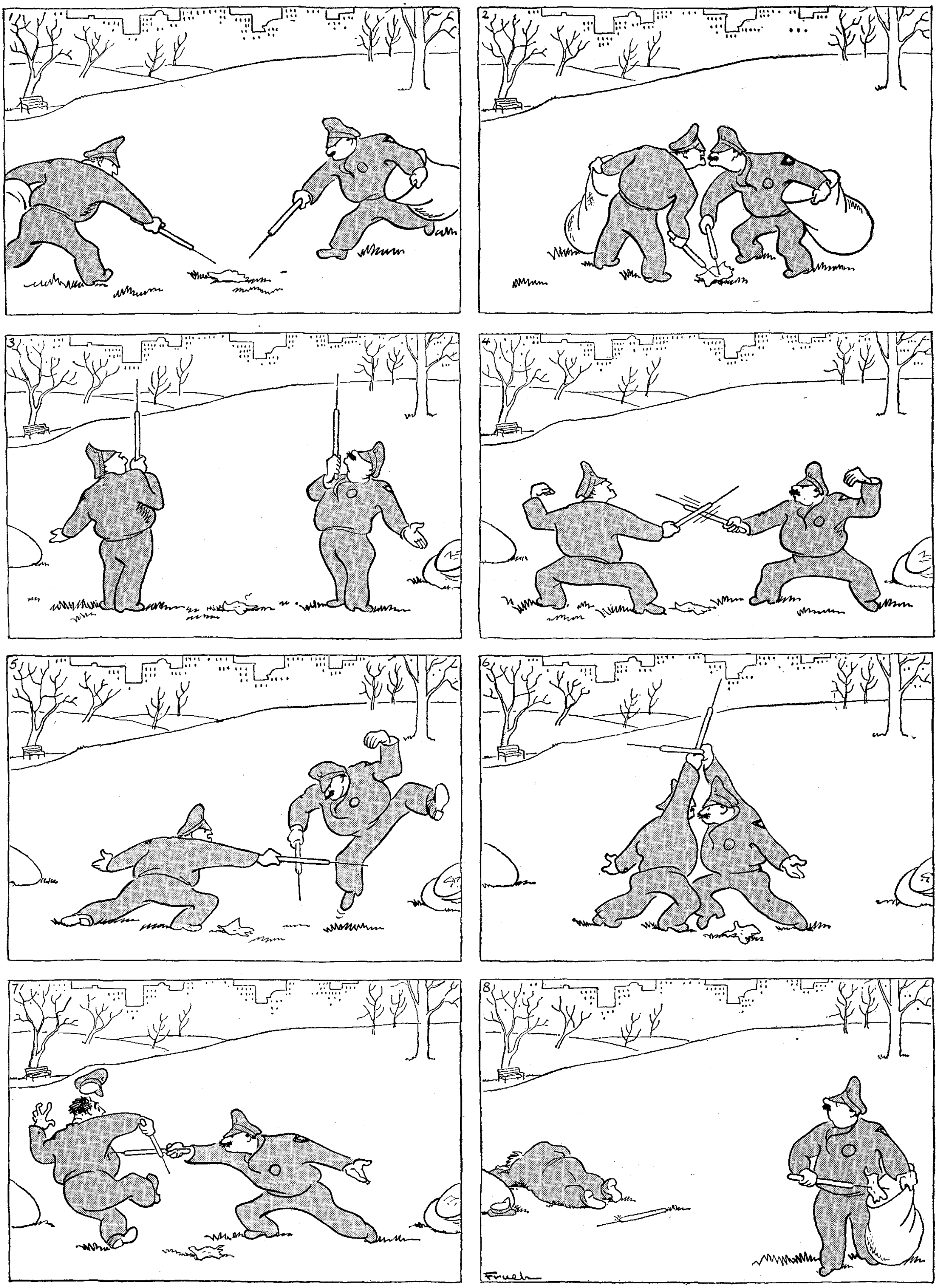
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PROFILES

THE FESTIVE TOUCH—I

Joseph Clark Baldwin III

As Representative from the Seventeenth United States Congressional District, New York County, New York, Joseph Clark Baldwin III, Republican, can speak and act with authority in the Seventy-eighth Congress in behalf of a district which includes, among other areas, the entire West Side between Sixty-second and Eighty-sixth Streets; the area bounded by Seventh Avenue, the west side of Fourth and Park Avenues, Fourteenth Street, and Fifty-ninth Street; the segment between Fifth and Park Avenues and Sixty-second and Ninety-ninth Streets; and all of Central Park south of Ninety-ninth Street. Baldwin's district, which is the wealthiest of the nation's four hundred and thirty-five Congressional districts, contains two hundred and thirty-seven thousand inhabitants, several hundred of whom know Baldwin personally and cry "Hello, Joe!" whenever they see him on the street, in an elevator, in a night club, or in a home of culture and refinement. Many persons who are not in the Baldwin constituency also say "Hello, Joe!" For example, residents of apartments on the east side of Park Avenue between Forty-fifth and Fifty-ninth Streets, a stretch of Park which is, politically, Baldwin's on the west only, often greet him with a cordiality that transcends geography. Although Baldwin enjoys strolling in Central Park with the proprietary air of a man under whose aegis most of this voteless tract lies, he is not narrowly district-conscious and is as likely to walk along the east side of Park Avenue in the Fifties as he is the west, depending on whether he is making for the Racquet Club, where he occasionally lunches, or the Brook, where he occasionally dines.

Baldwin likes people to say "Hello, Joe!" to him, and he does not ordinarily complain when this greeting is extended by those he has never met. However, in 1935, when he was a state senator, he once felt obliged to disavow a pretended crony. A musician, arrested in a Lexington Avenue bar for disorderly conduct, had warned the officer making the pinch not to be hasty. "One of my best friends is Joe Baldwin," he said. Baldwin, to whom the musician's name sounded familiar, turned up in court at the hearing and conversed earnestly with the man, but declined to intercede. "He admitted he was drunk," the Senator said later. "I may have met him in the Republican clubhouse, but we were certainly not friends."

Baldwin, who was born forty-six years ago in his family's house on West Tenth Street, is considerably better known in New York than he is in the capital, where, in March, 1941, he succeeded the late Kenneth Simpson in the House of Representatives. It is possible for Baldwin to walk along Pennsylvania Avenue for ten or fifteen minutes without hearing a single "Hello, Joe!" He has rented a comfortable house in Washington, opposite the National Cathedral, and he and his wife have taken a season box for the symphony concerts in Constitution Hall, but his heart is still in Manhattan, and so is the rest of him a good deal of the time. Last summer and fall, when little or nothing was going on in the House, Baldwin was usually to be found either in New York, where he lives in a small apartment in the East Seventies, or in Wainscott, Long Island, where for many years he has leased a house. Now that the new Congress is in full swing, Baldwin is under the impression that he turns up at his Washington office the first three days of the week, spends Thursday and Friday in New York, and returns to the capital for a domestic weekend with Mrs. Baldwin and his four children. Actually, he spends more than two days a week in New York, where he often runs into his débutante daughter, Fanny, who also keeps drifting away from the capital. Whenever that happens, he is likely to take her dancing at Larue or the Stork Club. He does not regard Washington as the most stimulating city in the world, and some of his friends who disagree occasionally try to get him to look upon the capital with a more indulgent eye. "Washington is full of lovely trees and fine marble structures," one of them once began. "So is Woodlawn Cemetery," said Baldwin.

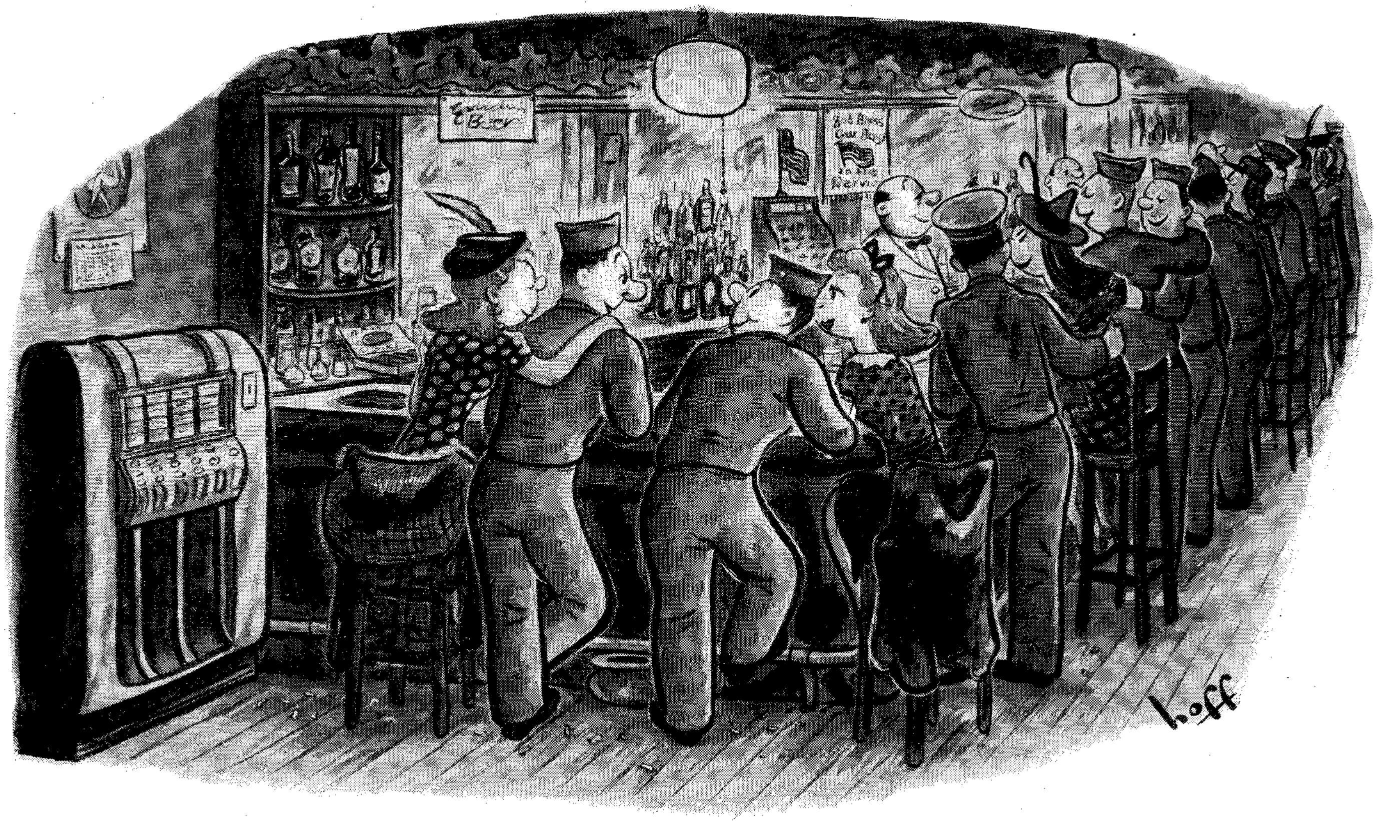
Baldwin's attitude toward New York is that of a leisurely man of the world toward prewar Paris. He has a passion for outdoor cafés, and when he is in town and the weather is favorable he starts his day by walking from his apartment to the Central Park Zoo restaurant, where he breakfasts. Next he stops in at the offices of the Nitralloy Corporation, a patent-holding company of which one of his brothers, Ian, is manager and of which he is executive vice-president. Around eleven-thirty he arrives at his own office in Rockefeller Plaza, where he conducts a public-relations business. There, to a small and devoted staff, he lays down a few principles of grand strategy as they apply to his clients. These currently include the Oceanic Ship Scaling Company, a firm which reconditions ships, and the Gallowhur Chemical Corporation, makers of Skol, a sunburn lotion, and of Skat, an insect repellent, both of which are much used by American soldiers in the tropics. Next he attends to his correspondence. Usually, about this time of day, he gets a telephone call from Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, a constituent of his.

The late Brigadier General Cornelius Vanderbilt was a great friend of Baldwin's father. Mrs. Vanderbilt, who opens all her phone conversations with Joe by saying "Hoo-hoo," is the Congressman's most persistent hostess and continually invites him and Mrs. Baldwin to the opera, dinner, and receptions. Baldwin accepts a reasonable percentage of these invitations. Although he was endorsed by the Labor Party as well as by the Republicans in his last campaign for Congress, and although before that, as a member of the New York City Council and, still earlier, as a member of the Board of Aldermen and a state senator, he was a consistent spokesman for slum clearance, low-cost housing, and other measures to improve the condition of the underprivileged, he has never sought to conceal his relationship with Mrs. Vanderbilt. "I've always enjoyed going to her house and I don't care who knows it," he says. "I admire her as a sort of an institution. She's interested in people and she goes around and registers every election." Mrs. Vanderbilt has no public ambitions, and the only political favor, a recurrent one, which she has asked of her congressman is to have a rattling manhole cover in the street in front of her house fixed. Baldwin's municipal career has given him some helpful contacts in manhole circles, and he always has this matter attended to promptly, but the trouble generally crops up again within a few weeks.

Baldwin's afternoons in New York are taken up with lunch at the Ritz, the Louis XIV Restaurant, or the Racquet Club, another hour or so in his office, the inspection of a few art galleries, a drink at the Plaza, and, in season, another at the outdoor café of the St. Moritz. He collects paintings, preferring those that depict McDougal Alley and similar Manhattan scenes, and is an enthusiastic and perceptive water-colorist himself, specializing in landscapes. Part of the explanation of his coolness toward Washington is its dearth of outdoor cafés, good restaurants, attractive contemporary paintings, and Mrs. Vanderbilt. Mrs. Robert Low Bacon, one of Washington's most conscientious hostesses, has done her best to become a sort of road-company Mrs. Vanderbilt to Baldwin, but it isn't quite the same thing. Baldwin's fellow-congressmen have not done much to make him feel at home. Some of his Congressional acquaintances suspect that, unlike most members, he regards Congress less as a career in itself than as a stepping stone to some other office, and his attention to House business has not been fervid enough to win their approval.

ON the whole, Baldwin's voting operations in Congress have been on the liberal and interventionist side. He has voted for appropriations to implement the lend-lease bill, for a bill giving the government the right to seize equipment necessary for the Army and Navy, for authorization of the oil pipeline from Texas to the east coast, and for the extension of the Selective Service Act to include eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds. He has voted against a wire-tapping bill and a joint-income-tax measure. He has introduced a bill ordering the registration of women between eighteen and sixty-five under the Selective Service Act and another for the restoration of American citizenship to Lady Mendl, an old friend of his. Last October, addressing the Foreign Policy Association at the Waldorf, he attacked the Congressional seniority rule, according to which men are appointed to the important committees on the basis of length of service in Congress rather than of ability. "This seniority rule is a Congressional curse," said Baldwin, pointing out that if General MacArthur should be elected to Congress he would probably have to wait years before getting on the Military Affairs Committee and that Sumner Welles would not, if similarly elected, be eligible for the Foreign Affairs Committee.

Baldwin is on three Congressional committees—Labor, District of Columbia, and Coinage, Weights, and Measures. The last two are comparatively unimportant politically, and House labor legislation, owing to circumstances too complicated to explain, is generally diverted from the Labor Committee to either the Judiciary or the Military Affairs Committee. Baldwin, who would like to be on the Foreign Affairs Committee, is aware of the unimportance of the committees which he adorns and he contributes to their negligibility by rarely showing up for meetings. His chief legislative pleasure is answering enraged letters from constituents. He got a great many before our entrance into the war, because he championed lend-lease. "Permit me to express my unqualified dis-



"Remember when we had to get along on twenty-one dollars a month?"

gust and disapproval of your stand in regard to convoys," Miss Marie Luhrs, of 127 West Eighty-second Street, wrote him in April, 1941, explaining, without euphemism, that he turned her stomach. "I shall see to it that none of my friends and neighbors vote for you. Because we have disgustingly un-American representatives like you, this great, proud, independent, rich Republic is being brought to ruin and dependency. What a hideous, revolting spectacle you boys represent! I am a third-generation American, a graduate of Barnard College, and a member of the Poetry Society of America. My first volume of poems will be issued in the Autumn and not by a 'vanity' publisher, either. You must be very proud of yourself, Mr. Baldwin."

Baldwin received so many communications in this vein during his first few months in Congress that he composed a form reply, setting forth the reasons for his foreign policy and concluding:

> This has been a long letter, but even so, not as complete, or adequate, as I would like to make it. Unfortunately, my correspondence is so overwhelming—well over a hundred letters a day—that I don't get the time I'd like to answer each one at length.
>
> I hope sometime to have the opportunity of sitting down and talking this over with you in person.
>
> Again thanks for your letter.

Although this did not act as a sedative to the poetic Miss Luhrs, who kept right on informing her congressman that he turned her stomach, Baldwin's epistolary style was at least once, in the case of Mr. Charles Noonan, of 43 West Thirty-second Street, a big success. Mr. Noonan started the ball rolling by writing Baldwin as follows:

> DEAR CONGRESSMAN:
>
> I note with regret that you are interventionist, and that you have joined the procession led by the screeching Thompson woman, the howling "Winchell," the double-crossing Willkie, and the rest. One could imagine that you represented an English shire instead of an American constituency.
>
> The warmongers have their innings now—dual allegiance is the fashionable thing—but there will come another day when the policy of George Washington will prevail again and real Americans will assert themselves. Until then I remain yours for America first and forever.

Baldwin answered this note temperately and sent Noonan copies of a couple of interventionist radio speeches he had made. Noonan wrote Baldwin a second letter, a thousand words long, telling him that in these speeches he had combined "an eloquence which is truly admirable with a logic which is wholly false." Baldwin, who is a more logical man than Noonan had bargained for, replied with a thousand-word letter, enclosing another speech. "I appreciate more than I can say your long letter," he wrote. "It is so rare that a constituent takes the trouble to write at length, and it does help to exchange views. I appreciate it in the second place, because so much of what you say expresses my own opinion." If Mr. Noonan should ever find himself in Washington, Baldwin said in conclusion, forgetting for the moment that he spends a certain amount of time away from the capital, "I hope you will let me know and have lunch with me. It would be so interesting to sit down and talk all this out. Again thanks for your letter." At this point Noonan gave up. He wrote:

> DEAR CONGRESSMAN:
>
> I do not think it would be fair or even decent to weigh down a man already overburdened with any further correspondence. I received your letter, your speech, and your very generous invitation, and wish to extend to you my very sincere thanks and appreciation. I hope that no matter how far apart our ideas may be regarding the conduct of our foreign affairs, you will still remain my friend, as I will certainly remain yours.

Many voters look upon their congressman as a liaison agent between themselves and the government, and much of Baldwin's mail consists of requests for priorities, military or naval commissions, Civil Service jobs, visas for friends and relatives abroad, and so on. In most cases such letters are simply relayed to the proper governmental department by Baldwin's experienced Congressional secretary, Mrs. Grace Sonfield, a lady who similarly served Kenneth Simpson. In rare cases, if the petitioner is, say, a member of the Racquet Club or the possessor of a title, Baldwin will take the matter up himself with the appropriate official. All told, since entering the House, he has sent or supervised the sending of replies to some thirty thousand letters.

NEXT to disposing of his voluminous correspondence, Baldwin's greatest pleasure in Washington has

TEACHING TO SHOOT

(England, July, 1942)

When we were first together as lover and beloved
We had nothing to learn; together we improved
On all the world's wide learning, and bettered it, and loved.

Now you stand on the summer lawn and I am to show you
First how to raise gun to shoulder, bow head, stare quickly, and fire;
Then how to struggle with the clumsy bolt (outdated), withdraw, return, and again—fire.

As the evening darkens, even this summer evening, and the trees
Bend down under the night wind and the leaves rush in a flaming fire,
I am to show you how to bend your body, take step lightly—and I hold your arm
(Thin and sleek and cool as a willow wand fresh in my hand),
And in your hand you clasp fervently this dirty lump, this grenade.

This thing that you hold as you once held my hand is ready to kill.
We intend it to finish those who would finish us—we who are not ill,
Are not old, are not mad; we who have been young and who still
Have reason to live, knowing that all is not told.

In your hand you hold iron, and iron is too old,
And steel, which breaks and shatters and is cold,
And our hands are together as always, and know well what they hold.

—Valentine Ackland

* * *

Chas Addams

"Do I leave the punctuation up to the Home Office?"

• •

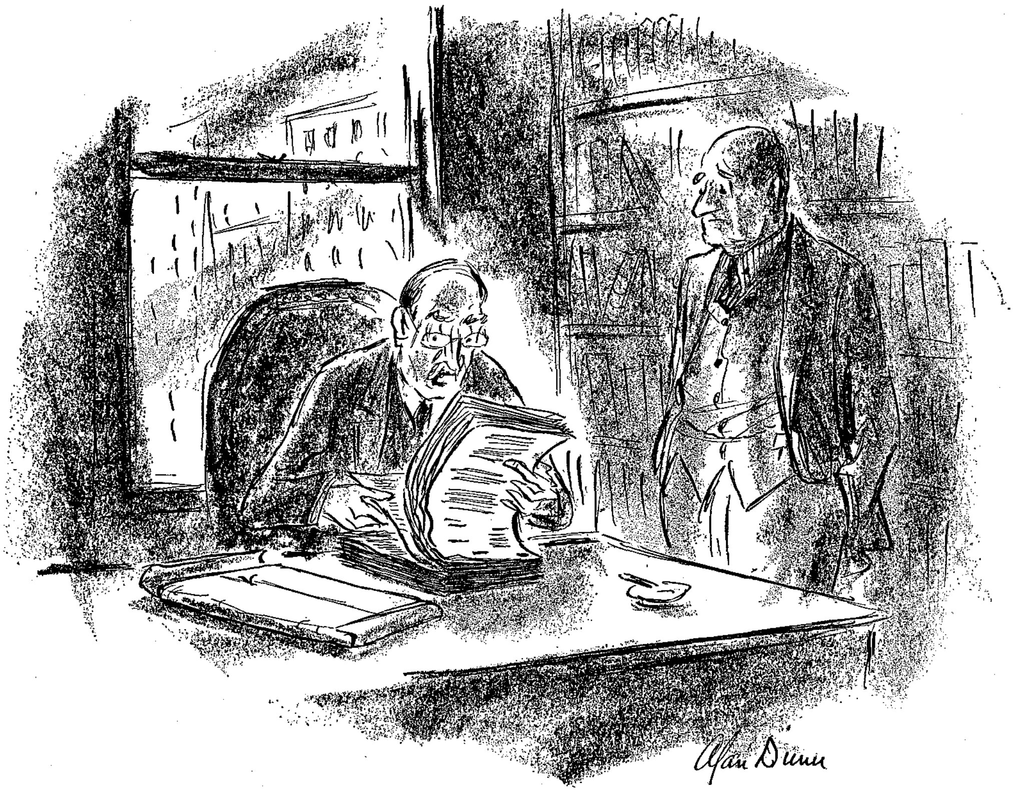
probably been to arrange and conduct an expedition of several more or less isolationist congressmen to England just before Pearl Harbor. Baldwin was weekending in Wainscott in September, 1941, when he received a letter from Ronald Tree, Parliamentary Secretary to the British Ministry of Information and an old friend of his, suggesting that he "arrange to have four or five congressmen visit England to check for themselves on the use of American lend-lease materials and on the prospects for a British victory. "Particularly some of those who are not quite as keen about our cause as you are," Tree wrote. Baldwin, who has long known President Roosevelt socially, told the President about this suggestion a few days later. Roosevelt pronounced it splendid and agreed with Baldwin that it should be sponsored privately rather than by the British or American government. During the next week Baldwin lunched twice with Marshall Field, a cousin of Tree and a fellow-member of Baldwin in the Racquet and Brook Clubs. On October 1st, *PM*, Field's tabloid, in an open letter to Joseph W. Martin, Jr., minority leader of the House, invited Mr. Martin "and a representative delegation of your fellow-congressmen to go on an unescorted trip to the British Isles as our guests to make whatever studies and investigations you believe should be made there." The makeup of the delegation, *PM* said, would be left to Martin but should be confined to Republican members "who have not yet come to advocate complete and unequivocal action by this country in the fight, but at the same time have not been committed to an unyielding position of isolationism."

Martin declined the invitation, which *PM* then addressed to Baldwin, who accepted it and named as his companions Representatives W. Sterling Cole of upstate New York, Richard P. Gale of Minnesota, John W. Gwynne of Iowa, William S. Hill of Colorado, and Melvin J. Maas of Minnesota. All but Gwynne accepted, and on October 18th Baldwin wrote Tree that his party was ready. "We would like to meet the King and Queen, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Bevin," he added. "I think it's important that if possible an informal dinner or tea should be arranged at Buckingham Palace with no publicity. I think it's equally important that the delegation have a chance to sit down and talk with the Prime Minister and I don't think it would do any harm for the delegation to meet the Queen Mother."

As the unofficial chairman of the expedition, Baldwin, who habitually wears a derby, a pearl stickpin, and Alfred Nelson suits, forehandedly did his best to place the excursion on a sound sartorial, as well as social, basis. On October 21st, in Washington, he discussed various details with Lord Halifax. He later jotted down a résumé of this conference:

> He [Halifax] felt that dinner jackets were adequate for any formal occasion, and it would not be necessary to take anything but soft shirts. He suggested that we take heavy clothing, including pullover sweaters, as it sometimes gets very cold.

Baldwin bought a pullover sweater at Brooks Brothers and on November 14th took his fellow-travellers and their wives to a tea at Mrs. Vanderbilt's, where they were permitted to rub shoulders with James W. Gerard,



"Well, the gist of it seems to be the WPB orders a ten-per-cent cut in our use of paper."

the Duchess of Roxburghe, and Mrs. Robert L. Stevens, a daughter of their hostess. That evening they were all guests at a dinner given by Baldwin at the Pierre and embellished with such people as the Frederic R. Couderts, Jr., Miss Marian Hall, Miss Louise Iselin (who is now Mrs. A. K. Mills III), and Mrs. Joseph Clark Baldwin Jr., Joe's mother. The menu included *concombre à la Baldwin.*

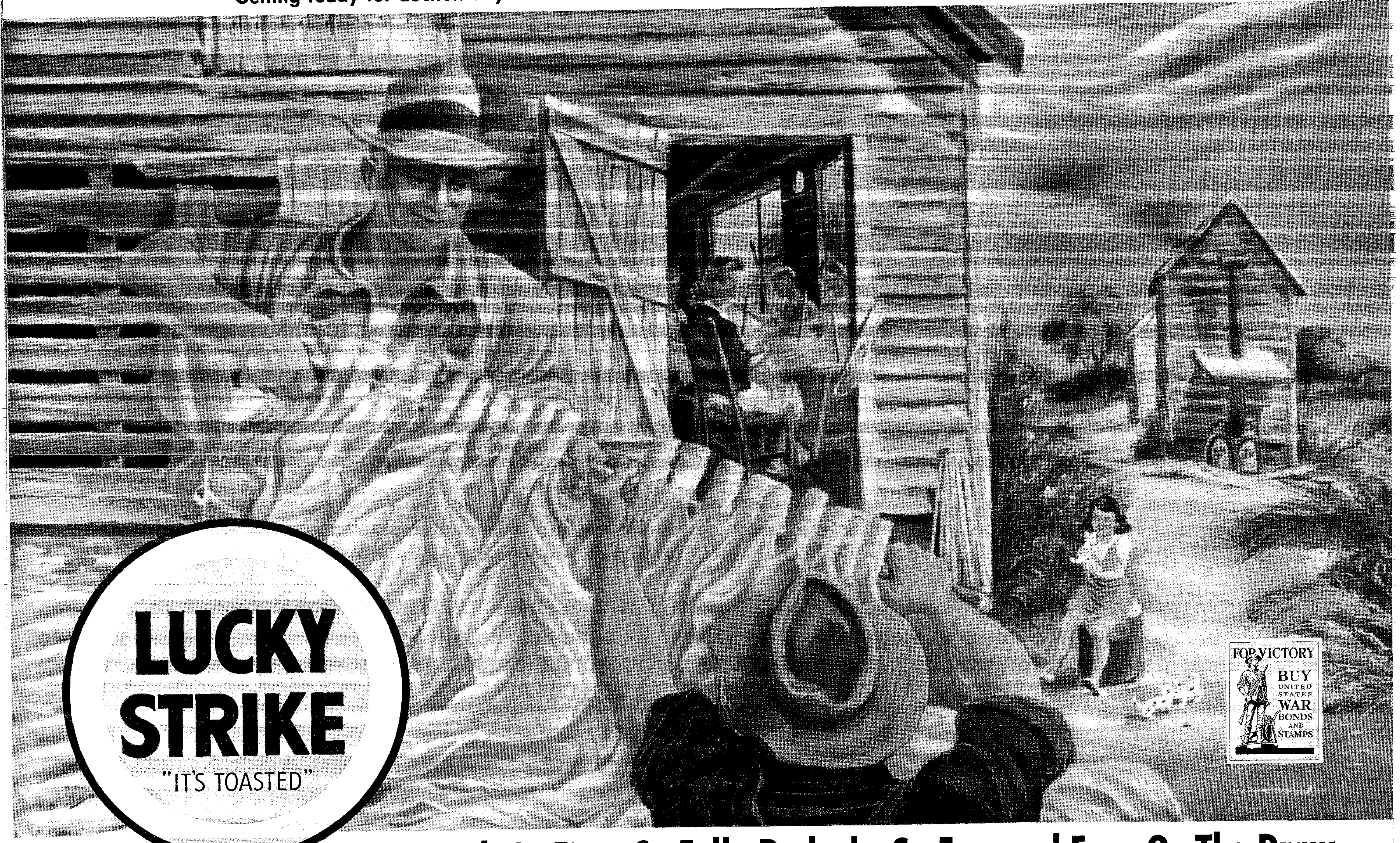
Next morning the party left by Clipper for Lisbon; five days later they were in the London Ritz. In addition to the congressmen, the delegation included Henry Lee Munson, a personable and competent young man, now an Army officer, who is a member of Baldwin's public-relations firm and who has for several years acted as Baldwin's campaign manager. Munson was to serve as general secretary to the group. Priorities on accommodations had prevented Munson from going a few days ahead by bomber with letters of introduction from Baldwin to Ambassadors John G. Winant and Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., in which Baldwin thoughtfully pointed out that Munson was a member of the Racquet Club "and knows many of our friends in New York and London." On their first night in London the inquiring representatives were entertained by Ronald Tree at a dinner at which one of the guests was Lady Cavendish, the former Adele Astaire. This was followed by a reception at the Savoy, where they met the Churchills. The next ten or twelve days were taken up with tours of bombed areas and of shipbuilding yards; lend-lease conferences; visits to fighter and bomber stations, ordnance factories, and naval schools; an inspection of Polish General Headquarters; a lunch with Anthony Eden; a reception by King Haakon of Norway; and, on November 29th, a luncheon given by Churchill at Chequers, the official country place of the British Prime Minister. At this affair Baldwin's admiration for the British was heightened by Churchill's reply to Congressman Maas, an outspoken type, who chose to regale his host with the time-worn anecdote in which a German, an Italian, an Englishman, and a Greek are requested to bail out of a transport plane commanded by an American pilot in order to lighten the load because ice is forming on its wings. "The German said *'Heil Hitler!'* and jumped off," said Maas, whom Baldwin had placed at Mrs. Churchill's right. "Then the Italian said *'Viva Il Duce!'* and jumped. Finally the Englishman's turn came. He arose, exclaimed, 'There'll always be an England,' and pushed the Greek out." "Ah," said Churchill, breaking a rather painful pause and beaming at the gentleman from Minnesota, who had not accounted for the American pilot. "And so we both landed safely together, didn't we?"

Baldwin's party never got to meet the King and Queen or the Queen Mother, and Pearl Harbor was bombed while the legislators were on their way back, so the changes which took place in their views cannot definitely be attributed to what they saw and heard in England. Nevertheless, Baldwin believes the trip was a success because it led some of his more doubtful colleagues to feel that Britain meant business and was not, as they had feared, likely to sue for peace. In any event, the expedition temporarily raised the social tone of the contents of *PM*, to which Baldwin sent several dispatches. "We breakfasted recently with Tony Biddle," one of them began, "who was a classmate of mine at St. Paul's when youthful John G. Winant, now our Ambassador, was vice-rector there." Baldwin's worldly manner, his unfailing cheerfulness, his mastery of the festive touch, and his command of anecdote helped make him a personal success with at least three out of his four fellow-investigators. They regarded him with a mixture of awe and favor as a man who carried a small satchel of Martinis and called Lord Louis Mountbatten Dickie in the most casual fashion. "Joe was extry nice on that trip," one of them reported later. "We had no trouble getting anywhere. Why, I sat next to Fred Astaire's sister! Why, hell's fire, that bird could get in anywhere, and when we got in, by jiminy, they acted tickled to see us. Why, Churchill cried when we left. We just couldn't get away from Eden. God damn—you see the idea?"

Only Representative Maas seemed to remain unappreciative of the beauty of Baldwin's international connections and social dexterity. A day or so after the Churchill lunch, at a breakfast at the home of Lady Astor and her husband, the Lord Mayor of Plymouth, Maas criticized the British and again told his airplane anecdote. Lady Astor stared at him coldly. "You talk too much," she said. "Shut up!" During the tour of the damaged portions of Plymouth which followed the breakfast, Baldwin, who has a talent for getting people together, saw to it that Maas and Lady Astor were seated in the same car. This didn't work. Maas got out and came up to Baldwin at the first stop. "Put me in

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Getting ready for auction day." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Aaron Bohrod.


LUCKY
STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw

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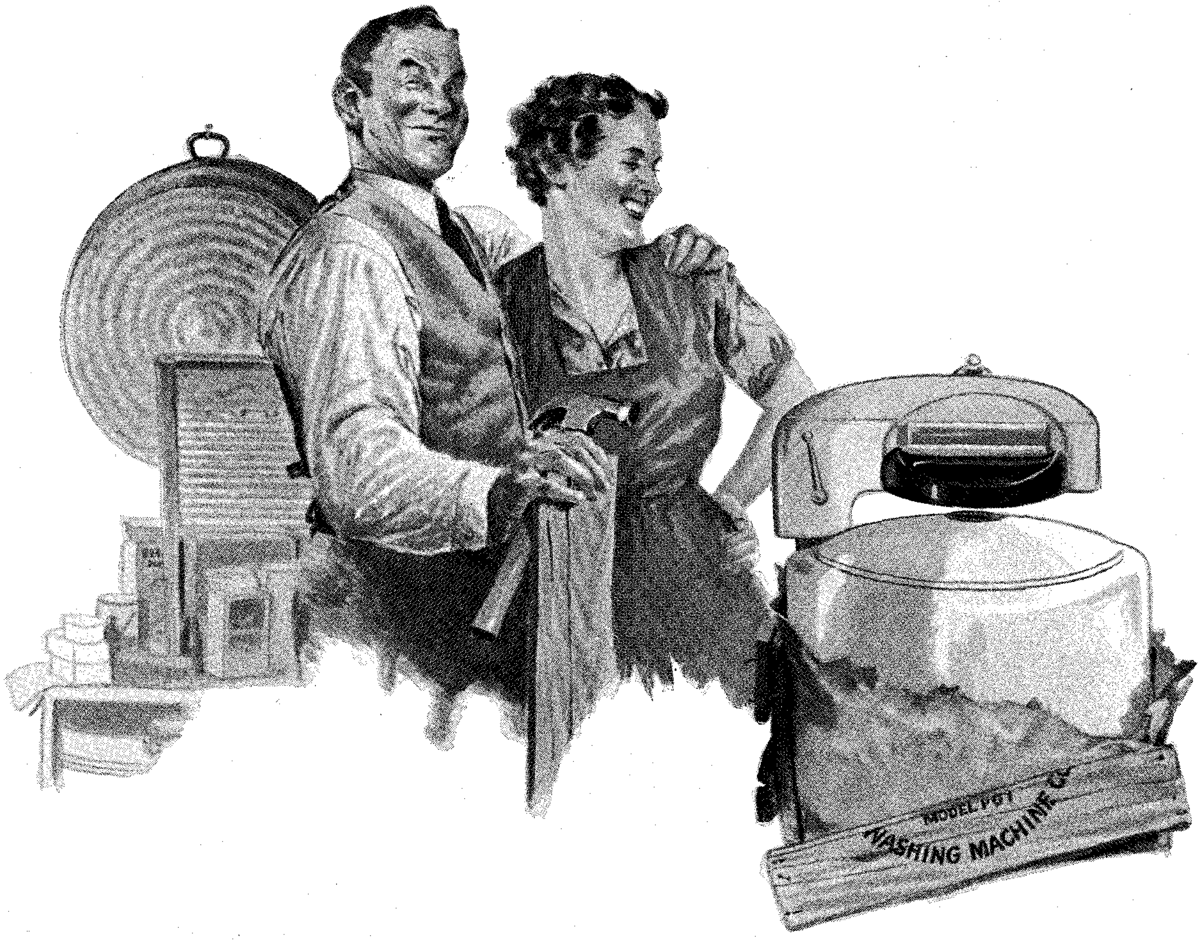
How American it is... to want something better!

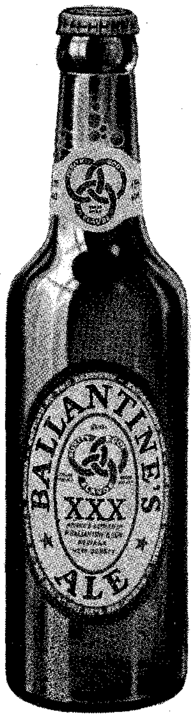


UNTIL AFTER THE WAR not too many of us will be able to get "something better" in washing machines, new refrigerators and the like. But this doesn't keep us from *wanting*. It doesn't keep us from thinking, in this land of something better, of the better things—large and small—we are going after when the victory is won.

And even in the middle of war we can be thankful that many of the good things of life are still ours.

AMONG THE BETTER THINGS which many Americans have discovered is a moderate beverage—an ale. Its famous 3-ring trade mark—a ring for "Purity," one for "Body," one for "Flavor"—has become the symbol for *something better in ale* to so many people that Ballantine has become...

America's largest selling Ale

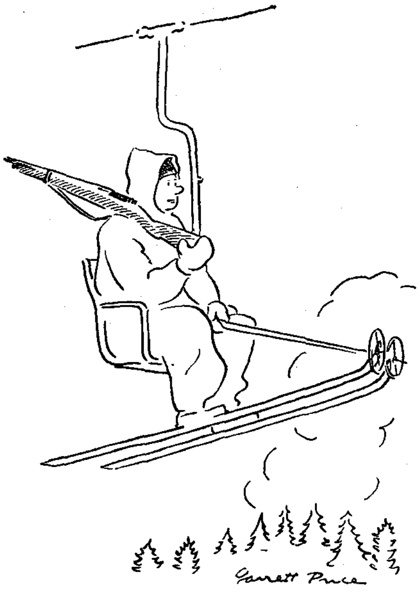


To speed the day when we can have more "better things" *buy war bonds and stamps*

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

another car, will you, for God's sake?" he begged. This Baldwin managed to do. According to Maas, Baldwin tried without success to get the members of the group to sign a statement approving all-out aid to Britain. "Interesting trip with Joe-Joe," Maas says, "but I came back still believing our major front was in the Pacific. Joe is an Anglophile from way back."

ACTUALLY, Baldwin is not so much an Anglophile as he is a connoisseur of royalty and of titles. He prefers British royalty to that of other countries because the King of England has retained more of the appurtenances of power than his fellow-monarchs and because of a somewhat tenuous relationship between the House of Baldwin and the House of Windsor and its predecessors. Baldwin's first English ancestor, a man bearing the Flemish name of Beaudovin, was taken to England by William the Conqueror and made Royal Forester; he assumed a coat of arms which bore a squirrel holding an oak leaf. While an undergraduate at Harvard, Baldwin acquired a more up-to-date connection with British royalty when, during a visit to this country by the Prince of Wales in 1919, he accompanied the Prince to a dance at the Whitelaw Reids', where Mrs. Gurnee Munn bet Baldwin a hundred dollars he couldn't cut in on her while she was dancing with the royal guest. Baldwin, who has a keen instinct for finance, walked up to Wales and Mrs. Munn while they were dancing and nervously touched the Prince's elbow. "I'm sorry, sir," said Wales. "I'm not through dancing with Mrs. Munn." The Prince danced his partner once more around the ballroom, led her up to Baldwin, and relinquished her. Baldwin has a vast admiration for this course of conduct as one which preserved the dignity of the British Empire and at the same time enabled him to pocket a hundred dollars. He saw a good deal of the Prince on his third visit to the United States in 1924 and believes that the widely circulated tales of Wales' behavior during this stay were grossly unfair. "They arose because Clarence Mackay got sore when the Prince left a big party at Mackay's to go to a smaller one at Vincent Astor's," he says. "The Prince was perfectly right to do this. Astor's was more fun."



Baldwin also served as an escort to the Belgian royal family when they visited New York in 1919. He was assigned, as a sort of equerry, to Prince Leopold, who later became King of the Belgians. "Percy Pyne or Sheldon Whitehouse asked me to be the Prince's equerry, or whatever the hell you call it," Baldwin says. He accompanied them to a gala performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, which they viewed from J. P. Morgan's box. After they had been seated, Baldwin, who had been studying up on protocol, waved his handkerchief as a prearranged signal to the orchestra to strike up the Belgian national anthem. Baldwin took Prince Leopold to his college club, the Porcellian, which Leopold pronounced a first-rate organization. Baldwin is not snobbish about royalty. He talks of the Belgians' visit with as much satisfaction as he does that of the Prince of Wales, and he likes to recall the time he played tennis at Cannes with the King of Sweden. He is a friend of the Hapsburg Otto now in this country, and a year or so ago helped Prince Renatus Karl Maria Josef de Bourbon-Parme, a son-in-law of the uncle of the King of Denmark, to take out American citizenship papers. He enjoys listing his celebrated acquaintances country by country. In the case of nations in which royalty is inoperative, he is content to allude to his friendship with prominent citizens of plebeian blood. Although conservative-Leftish in his political views, he is given to rattling off, with indiscriminate gusto, the names of politically heterogeneous potentates whom he has met. "Schacht was a second father to me in Germany in 1933; I met him at Gottfried von Bismarck's," he recently told a friend. "In France I've known everyone—Briand, Laval, Pétain. In Japan I can only claim to know the Emperor's brother. I took him around when he visited this country in 1926."

Baldwin's apparent tolerance of prac-

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BROADHURST, West 44th, Eves. Incl. Sun. $1.10-$2.75. (Sat. $1.10-$3.30.) Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat. 2:40. Sun. at 2:30 & 5:30. 55c-$1.65

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"HIT" *HERALD-TRIBUNE.* "HIT"—*LIFE*
LE GALLIENNE · SCHILDKRAUT
UNCLE HARRY
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Matinees Saturday & Sunday

tically anyone of importance is probably a by-product of his long years in politics and the standard St. Paul's-Harvard deference toward the influential. In 1930, when he was minority leader of the Board of Aldermen, Baldwin, who had put on a violent one-man anti-Tammany revolt at meetings of the group, wrote a letter to Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, demanding an investigation of Mayor Walker. "The complete indifference of Mayor Walker," he wrote with more moral indignation than syntax, "to each and every scandalous situation which has been brought to his attention, and his refusal to act in any way to correct such evils until literally compelled to do so by situations beyond his control, and the fact that where he has acted it has been only to postpone any real corrective measures by appointing committees on paper, leads me finally to turn to you." This letter eventually brought about the Seabury investigation, which ended Walker's public career. A few weeks ago, Baldwin, who is proud of having so many friends, informed a youthful admirer that though he had made enemies politically there had never been personal animosity. "How about Jimmy Walker?" said the young man, an innocent fellow. Baldwin looked at him blandly. "Why, Walker was once asked whether he didn't hate me and he replied, 'No, Joe Baldwin never hits below the belt,'" Baldwin said, obviously pleased with this encomium.

—Geoffrey T. Hellman

(This is the first of two articles on Representative Baldwin.)

•

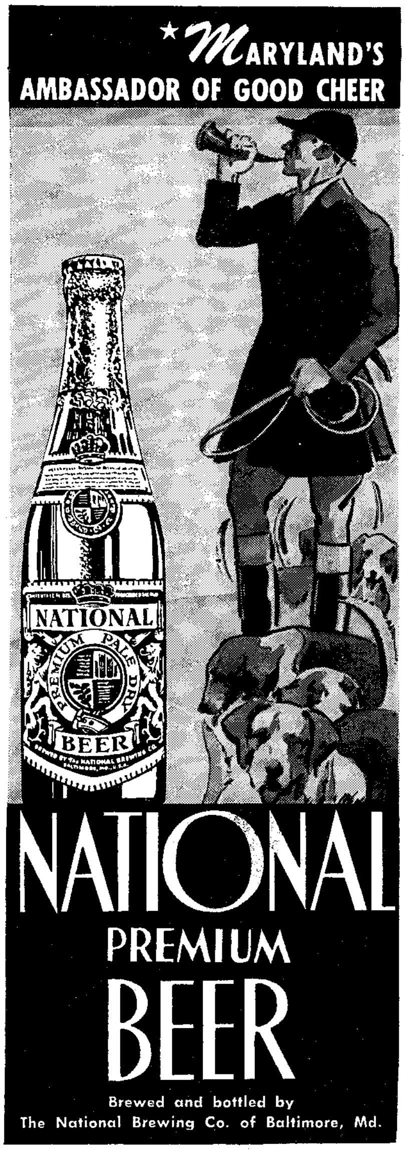
POESY DEPARTMENT

(PUNCH ENDING DIVISION)

[*From the Elkader (Iowa) Clayton County Register*]

The Kaiser once said to his fighting boys:
The rise of Japan brings me no joys.
Some time with battle flags unfurled
She will aspire to rule the world.
When Japan shows her might
The Western world must combine to fight.
Was this by the hand of fate
Europe fights a war of hate,
Japan raises her dirty rag,
The rising sun she calls her flag,
And decides to strike her blow
The cruel facts we all know.
America stands aghast at cruel detail
That a friendly nation would thus assail.
America, land of good will and peace.
Our fervent hopes that wars shall cease,
Now drawn in that awful strife
Where we are fighting for our very life.
As we fight this war so grave,
Our prayers are to win and not be slaves.

To this end I ask your iron, metal and rubber. Clarence Maggart, Elkader, Iowa. —3-1p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CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT
NO COVER-NO MINIMUM
COCKTAILS FROM 23¢
HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON
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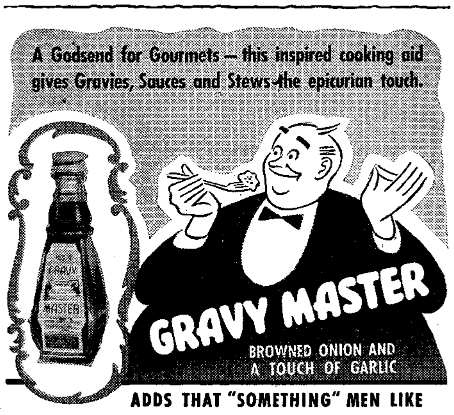
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ADDS THAT "SOMETHING" MEN LIKE

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ETHEL MERMAN
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Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
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with Company of 40 and Florence REED
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...*the one-man army!*

UNCLE ISH is the derndest feller. He paid 4½ cents for that weapon, and he can shoot a clay pipe right out of your mouth at 100 yards. What's more, he's a one-man army. . . . Incredible? Well, here are the facts:

The famous Robbins & Lawrence and E. G. Lamson companies, ancestors of Jones & Lamson, had working for them in the 1800's two of the finest gunsmiths in the world. They were Albert Ball and Benjamin Tyler Henry, and the genius of these two men contributed much to the invention of a gun that was destined to make history.

That gun is known throughout the world today as the famous Winchester rifle — but in an earlier form, as the Ball lever-action repeater, it was known only as a headache to E. G. Lamson & Co. For there was a large order from the government for this revolutionary firearm, to replace the muzzle-loaders being used in the Civil War, but the war ended before delivery could be made.

The result: Hundreds of these repeating rifles were put up for sale at one-half cent a pound—and Uncle Ishmael got one. Nine pounds of the greatest gun in the world, for 4½ cents!

Later, when the patent for Ball's lever-action magazine was purchased and combined with improvements in rifle design made by Henry and another gunsmith named King, the great Winchester rifle was born. And it was an early advertisement for this rifle that told how Uncle Ishmael was a one-man army. "A man armed with one of these rifles," it read, "can load and discharge one shot every second, so that he is equal to a company every minute, a regiment every ten minutes, a brigade every half-hour, and a division every hour!"

The company in which that famous firearm had its origin is known today as Jones & Lamson, and the gun is typical of many great American products that have stemmed from the tools — and the men — developed by this company.

Jones & Lamson engineers and service men are at your call today . . . right now . . . to help you in solving the difficult problems of present and post-war readjustment.

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Our Men Need Books

★ That book you've enjoyed—pass it ★
★ along to a man in uniform. ★
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★ lection center or public ★
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★ VICTORY BOOK ★
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Send all you can spare!

★ ★
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LE RUBAN BLEU

THE THEATRE

GOOD INTENTIONS

Billie Burke's distracted comedy method kept "This Rock," at the Longacre, from being the season's dreariest comedy, but it was still quite an experience, punctuated on opening night by considerable coughing in the audience and the wailing of air-raid sirens outside. Walter Livingston Faust, the author, who has been unwise enough to admit in public that he is also a vice-president of the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, intended to say (I guess) that war is the great leveller, dispelling class hatred to such an extent that a beautiful young woman of distinguished ancestry can marry a cockney airplane mechanic with the enthusiastic consent of her parents. Mr. Faust delivered this message with a vehemence calculated to jar every bone in your body, but his theatrical technique unfortunately was by no means on a par with his moral fervor, and the result was a play that might easily have seemed ingenuous to my grandmother.

The broad general design of "This Rock" is simple enough. A group of children, evacuated from the London slums, are sent to board in one of the statelier homes of England, the abode of a rich shipbuilder and his wife and daughter, an imbecile and a bore, respectively. The tots, naturally, are something of a problem in the beginning, since they have a tendency to steal things and break up the furniture, but in the end they worm their way into everybody's heart, including that of dear old Angus, the gardener, who has a queer habit of transplanting geraniums in the living room. The love interest referred to previously is arresting chiefly because the man involved in it mysteriously loses a violent cockney accent in the intermission between Acts II and III. In addition to Angus, the employees in the Stanley home on the River Tyne include a stage butler, who appears to be giving an unconscious parody of Arthur Treacher, and a nurse or housekeeper or some such, who sings the opening bars of "Silent Night" in a deep bass voice. There is also a comedy Englishman, a rival for the heroine's hand and conceivably the most painful of his species ever visible on the New York stage.

Clara Skinner

Against all these distressing people and happenings, I can offer you hardly anything except Miss Burke. Miss Burke has one piece of business that would probably be funny in any hands—one of the little evacuees loses his pants and she nervously pieces him together again with rhinestone clips—but the rest of her performance is a triumph of personality over material that would be indignantly rejected by Olsen and Johnson. At one point she is asked to pare a potato down to nothing; at another she explains how much simpler it would be if vegetables grew upside down so that you could tell a beet from a turnip without bothering to pull them up; at still another she falls into cockney dialect herself in unconscious imitation of her little guests. Against my better judgment and to my embarrassment, I laughed practically every time Miss Burke intended me to, and since the rest of the play had not put me in a mood for easy laughter, my admiration for her is almost unbounded. With the exception of the children, who could hardly be expected to approach Mr. Faust's prose in a critical spirit, the other members of the cast seemed somewhat uneasy and depressed. Eddie Dowling was listed as the producer and director, but I find it hard to believe that his heart was really in it.

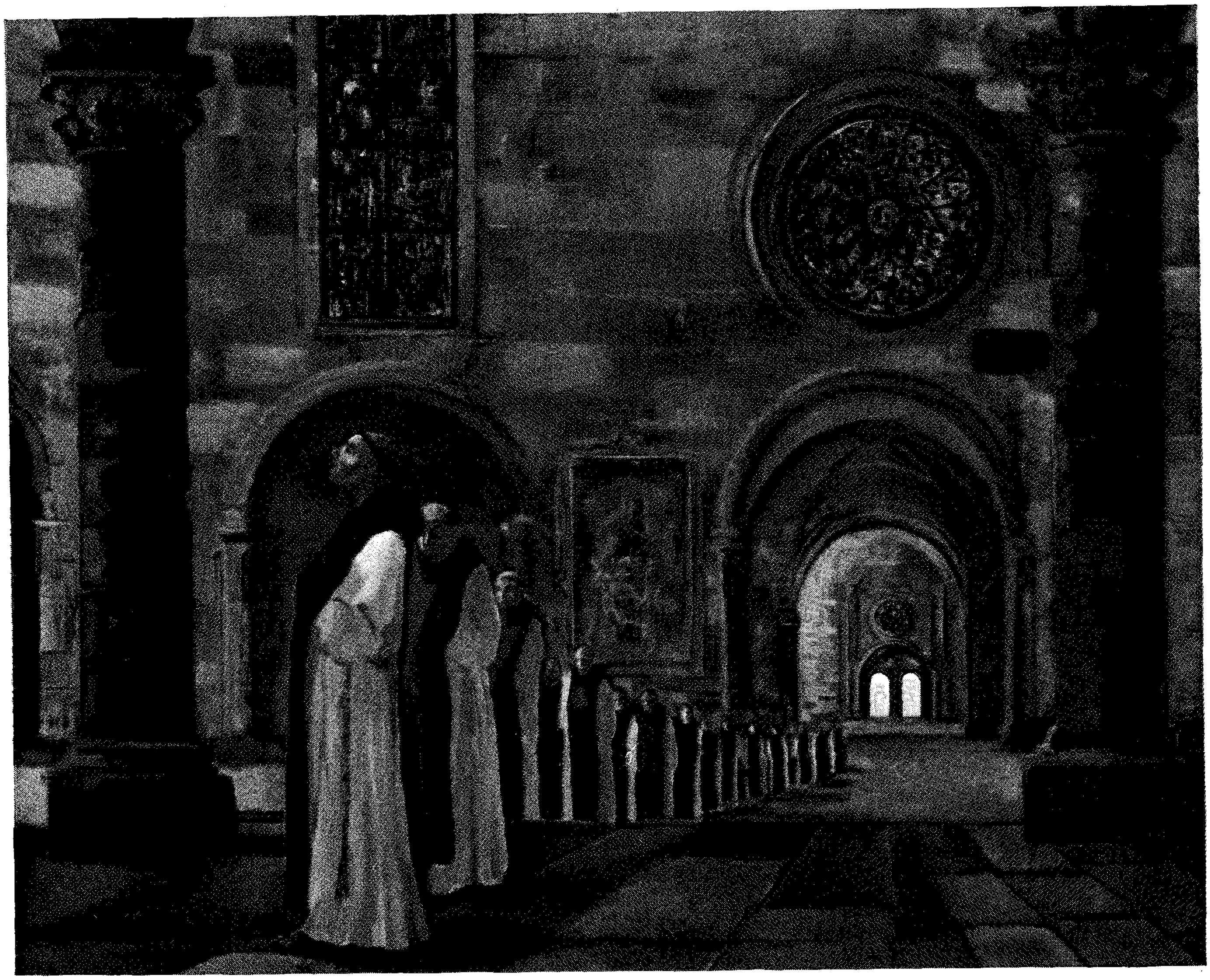
—Wolcott Gibbs

•

Sergt. Nyberg wanted:
1. The war to end immediately. 2. The United States to be victorious. 3. A world congress to insure everlasting peace. 4. A true, workable, democratic United States. 5. Universal brotherly love.

He won a three-day pass and a chance to visit a Hollywood movie studio.
—*Washington Star.*

And so it goes—dreams, dreams!



PROCESSIONAL

With firm and valiant step, the days of our years march by. They pass in light and shade . . . a brilliant procession of voices, faces, and events that greatly influence our lives.

Surely a place of honor in this distinguished pageant must be reserved for music. For it is music that so often brings to us a sense of well-being . . . music that speaks of triumph, courage, and strength . . . music that entertains, and inspires.

The Capehart Phonograph-Radio is a supreme interpreter of the world's fine music. Under its spell the symphony, opera, concerto and dance take on new color and meaning.

Only a few Capeharts are available at some Capehart dealers, for Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, maker of the Capehart, is engaged solely in production of war material.

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Let us suggest also that you invest generously in War Bonds. You accomplish a dual purpose in so doing, for you aid your country, and you provide for a future when your matured War Bonds will purchase possessions on which you have set your heart.

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THEY'RE DOING THEIR PART

"Tell us how we can help and we'll do it." That expresses the patriotic spirit of the average American—man or woman.

Pictured above is one group of loyal workers engaged in Red Cross activity. Union Pacific has formed many of these groups in the territory which it serves. And there are many similar organizations throughout the Nation.

The work of Red Cross groups who prepare bandages is carefully supervised. Each bandage must be made to exacting specifications; the slightest speck of foreign matter must be removed.

These women are not "playing at war." They are cheerfully giving their time to perform a vital and painstaking task. They are doing their part and doing it well.

UNION PACIFIC

The Progressive

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

HOSTESS GIFT

Mrs. Cheney stepped from the elevator at the second floor of the department store and stared blankly around. The walls were covered with gay, flowered wallpaper and the large space was divided into four smaller rooms, which had wide, arched doorways. In each of the rooms was a table crowded with ashtrays, salad bowls, cigarette boxes, powder boxes, pieces of glassware, book ends, and a dozen or more other things. The gold-and-white sign which hung over the first archway read "Gifts."

Mrs. Cheney walked across the heavy, sand-colored carpet to one of the tables and began picking up ashtrays. She did not look at the ashtrays but looked, rather, at the bottoms of them, where the prices were marked. Her eyes were as expressionless as though she had been hit over the head with something heavy. A salesgirl came briskly across the room toward her, and although Mrs. Cheney heard her as she drew near, she did not lift her eyes.

"May I help you?" the salesgirl asked.

Mrs. Cheney sighed. "I suppose so," she said. She picked up a brass-and-enamel dinner bell, jingled it, and sighed again. "They have everything," she said. "And the butler stands right there all the time they're eating, so they couldn't possibly need a bell."

"Ashtrays are always nice," the salesgirl suggested.

Mrs. Cheney lifted her eyes and looked at the young woman wearily. "They have ashtrays," she said. "They have everything, really. Besides, I don't think an ashtray would seem *enough*. I'm staying five days." She touched the brim of her hat, pulling it over her forehead slightly. It was a black felt hat trimmed with a powder-blue velvet flower. It was a hat that went with anything.

"This is amusing, I think," the salesgirl said. She picked up a pottery jug and turned a key. The music box concealed in the bottom of the jug began to play "How Dry I Am."

Mrs. Cheney listened to it. "No," she said. "They're a married couple. I think that's meant more for a bachelor."

"It's amusing," the salesgirl said.

"But more for a bachelor." Mrs. Cheney moved away from the table and walked on to the next room, and the salesgirl followed.

"I really shouldn't stay five days," Mrs. Cheney said. "But that's what she wrote. Five days. I thought it odd. I thought a weekend or a whole week. But five days seems odd. When I began the letter, I thought of course it was for the weekend, and I thought of candy or a pretty handkerchief. Now I don't know, I'm sure."

The salesgirl picked up a pair of bronze book ends cast in the shape of ships. "These are useful," she said.

Mrs. Cheney adjusted her pince-nez and looked at the price tag. "Ten dollars," she said. "I don't think I want to pay as much as ten dollars."

"Well, now!" The salesgirl looked the table over brightly and picked up a brass dish that had a design in turquoise matrix. The dish had a twisted, irregular shape and was very heavy.

"Goodness!" Mrs. Cheney said. "What's that for?"

"It's a little all-purpose thing," the salesgirl said. "A dish."

"A dish for what?"

The salesgirl frowned. "Why, I suppose you could use it for almost anything," she said. "Salad, or anything."

"Oh, I don't think you could use it for salad," Mrs. Cheney said. "It's too small. I mean it would be too small for them. And they have things for salad. Do you think you could use it for nuts?"

"It would be perfect for nuts," the salesgirl said. "Just perfect."

Mrs. Cheney took the dish. The weight of it was more than she expected and she almost dropped it. "My, but it's heavy," she said. Her eyes grew slightly more animated. "Why, you'd never think to look at it it was so heavy. I think it would be very nice for nuts. Salted or any kind. How much is it?"

"Five dollars," the salesgirl said.

"It's unusual," Mrs. Cheney said. "If I bought it, I suppose it could be wrapped as a gift?"

"Oh, indeedy. We have lovely gift paper."

"What is it like?" Mrs. Cheney asked.

The salesgirl was enthusiastic. "Well, it's a sort of lacy, coppery design and tied with silver ribbon."

Mrs. Cheney nodded approvingly. "And if I decide on it, you'll be sure to remove the price? I would be embarrassed to death if you didn't remove the price."

"Oh, but certainly," the salesgirl said.

Mrs. Cheney smiled slightly. "Oh, I'm sure the store wouldn't be guilty of such a *faux pas*," she said graciously. "And if she didn't want to use it for nuts, I suppose it would be useful in other ways."

"Oh, yes," the salesgirl said. "For nuts, or candy, or crackers."

"I don't think it would be so good for candy," Mrs. Cheney said. "They don't eat much candy, anyway. As a matter of fact, I can't seem to remember ever eating crackers there except perhaps with soup. I really can't remember."

"It's very unusual," the salesgirl said.

"Yes," Mrs. Cheney agreed, her voice positive. "I think it's unusual, too. So I think I will take it. I don't think they have anything like it at all. And you'll be sure to gift-wrap it *and* take off the price."

"Would you like to write out a card?" the salesgirl asked.

Mrs. Cheney thought a moment, then she said, "No. I'll just hand it to her, and there'll be no need for a card. I'll hand it to her when I get there." She reached in her bag and took out a five-dollar bill and five cents, which she handed to the girl. As she waited for the package to be wrapped, she walked slowly around the table, looking at the things. Her eyes were softer and she seemed to be seeing for the first time since she had stepped off the elevator.

When the salesgirl came back, Mrs. Cheney was humming softly to herself. "I've thought of an awfully cute little idea," she said. "I think I'll just run down to Fanny Farmer's and buy a half-pound of nuts. Then she'll *know*."

"That's a wonderful idea," the salesgirl said.

Mrs. Cheney took the package and smiled. "Well," she said gaily, "if she doesn't like it, she can bring it back. I don't care. Five dollars isn't exactly anything to be ashamed of."

—Esther Evarts

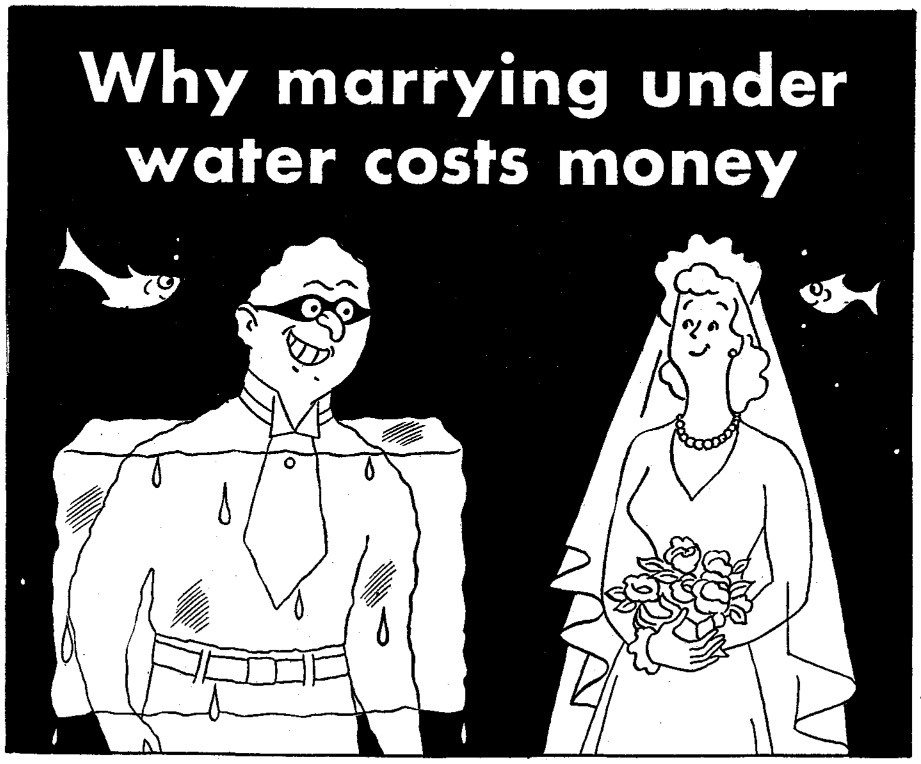
•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

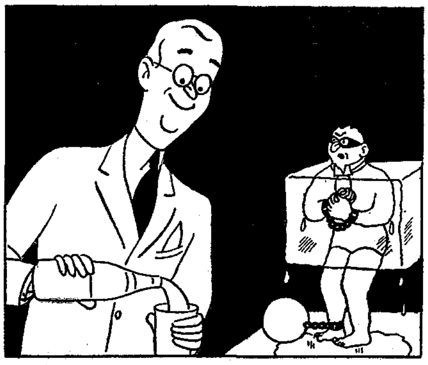
[*Adv. in the Herald Tribune*]

A GOOD DEED INDEED
INVITE THE FAMILY
TO
SUNDAY DINNER
AT ALL TWELVE
RESTAURANTS
LONGCHAMPS

Why marrying under water costs money



A droll marriage takes place when Melting Ice and ordinary club soda meet. His air bubbles ooze slyly out and take your drink's bubbles honeymooning out of your highball. Ice water drowns what's left. Drinks aren't finished. Neither's your soda. That's wasteful.



Foil him. Use Canada Dry Water—and sip finer-flavored drinks! Its "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"*—millions of tinier bubbles—keeps drinks alive!

Some sparkler! You'll be amazed how much longer an opened bottle of Canada Dry Water keeps its sparkle.* You can buy the big bottle—save money—conserve caps!

P. S. When you're out, speak up for this finer club soda and get a better drink. For better ginger ale highballs, always get "the Champagne of Ginger Ales"—Canada Dry! Also try Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer and Lime Rickey.

CANADA DRY WATER

CLUB SODA
Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER

*PIN-POINT CARBONATION

the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest!

OF ALL THINGS

BERLIN spokesmen deny the rumor that Hitler has given up the command of the army. Apparently he is still in there trying to get the Chosen People out of the Promised Land.

•

The Reds evidently realize that the winter is more than half over. They are hurrying into the Ukraine to do the spring plowing.

•

Rome is aiming peace feelers at the United States and England, Elmer Davis thinks. Fortunately the Italians have little talent for straight shooting.

•

Everybody sympathizes with the desire of the Finnish people to get out of the war. Their enemies are acting terrible and their friends are even worse.

•

New Yorkers are happy to entertain the men of the Richelieu. We love that great French battleship and will try our best not to set it afire.

•

Mme. Chiang Kai-shek says that it is a mistake to believe that Hitler is mankind's worst enemy. The Japanese come earlier and they practically never go home.

•

Retail merchants are adjusting themselves pretty well to the problems of wartime shortages. Some of our grocers can already say no just like bankers.

•

Because of the fuel-oil famine, local laundries have cut their service fifty per cent. As is always the case, the white-collar workers are the worst sufferers.

•

Price Administrator Brown asks the public to rally around the President in his fight against inflation. We must win this war even if we have to use bloc-busters.

•

The Axis is hereby informed that American women are in war work up to their lovely ears. Many are in military service, more are in industry, and the rest are slicing bread.

•

Alf Landon says that New Dealers are something like Nazis. No doubt he is remembering how totalitarian they were in the election of 1936.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

A REPORTER ON DECK

LAST DAY

MIKE's hand is shaking my shoulder, but I hate to open my eyes. My head feels thick and sleepy and the canvas berth beneath me is swaying drowsily with the motion of the ship.

"Come on," Mike says impatiently. "Chow line's moving."

"O.K.," I say finally. I swing my legs over the side of the berth and duck my head so as not to hit the berth above me. Somebody opens the blackout shutters and a gust of clean, salt air sweeps through the bunk room. Now the sound of the waves crashing below is mingled with the clattering of mess kits and the noise of people getting up. I drop to the floor and reach for my canteen cup.

"Let's go," says Mike. "Remember, this is the last day."

I follow him down the stairs to the mess. I'm still a little groggy but I'm also elated. I'm remembering that it *is* the last day aboard the troop transport which is taking me to war. At the table the guys are wisecracking again, just as they did at the beginning of the trip. The English porridge—our ship is British—is a gag once more, and so is the sticky bread and the watery tea.

"When are we due in?" asks somebody at one end of the table.

"Sometime tonight," somebody else replies.

"It's all a latrine rumor," says Mike, with a dead pan. "I happen to know we're three thousand miles from land. The captain told my C.O.—" He's drowned out by jeers. Today's the day, all right. No kidding about it.

Back up in the bunk room I wipe off my mess kit hastily because in ten minutes the fresh water will be turned off. As I take the lining out of my helmet and start for the washroom to fill it with water and use it as a washbasin, I keep thinking that everything I'm doing is for the last time. It's a good feeling, and I wait patiently in line without beefing about the fact that somebody ahead is taking too long to brush his teeth.

The guy in front of me turns the faucet on for me while I fill my helmet. "What do you hear? When we due in?" he asks me.

"Sometime tonight," I answer.

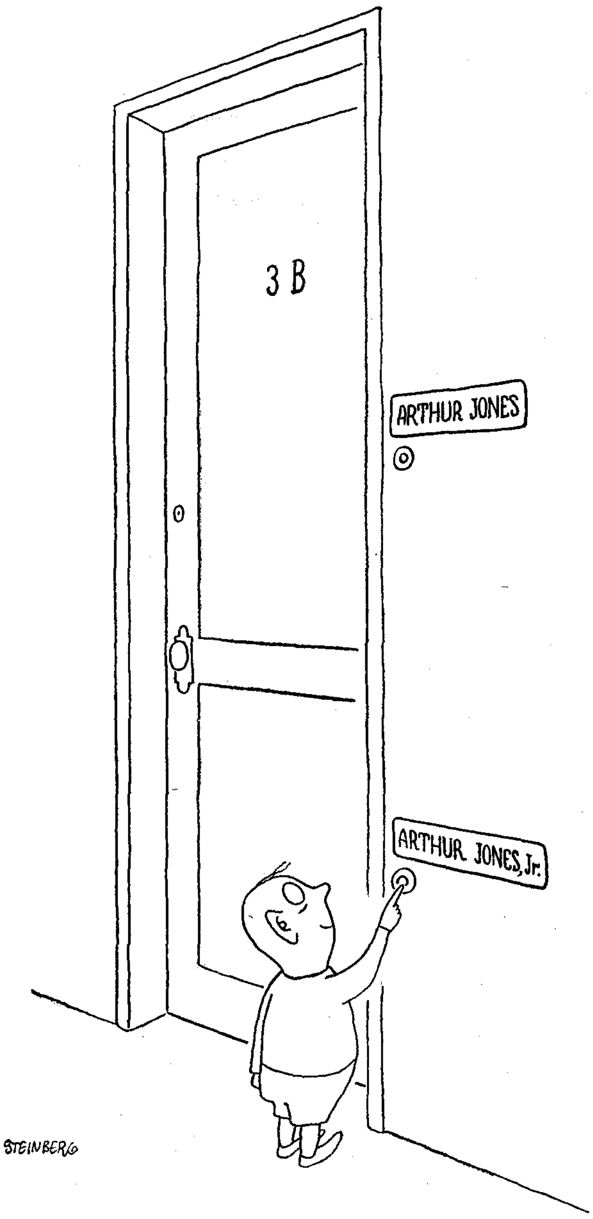
The helmet is brimful of oily fresh water. Washing doesn't take long. I'm in a hurry to get up on deck for that first cigarette and also to see whether there's any land in sight. There isn't, but far off on the starboard horizon there is a curling puff of smoke from a distant ship. A week ago it might have been an enemy raider, but now we figure it's just some freighter with a job to do. Mike and Sam join me at the rail and we watch until the smoke disappears.

"Are we a quorum?" Sam asks after a while. What he means is are there enough of us to start a game of poker.

"Not for me," says Mike. "I'm looking for land." He's right. Poker is O.K. when you're weeks away from land, but now we'd rather watch the horizon.

Suddenly the siren on the bridge sounds. Assembly. We dive below, strap on our canteens and helmets, adjust our life-preservers, and file up to our boat stations. After roll call, standing around waiting for the bugle to send us below, we watch the nurses nearby. Each day they have looked prettier to us, and today they are really gorgeous.

"You know—" says Sam, but he is interrupted by a voice from the loudspeaker. "Attention, all guns' crews. Unidentified plane approaching from the port side. Attention, all guns' crews." Quickly we scan the sky. Somebody sees a distant speck moving our way. Up on the gun platforms the boys are swinging their guns around, just in case. The rest of us start below. Then the voice over the loudspeaker tells us that the plane is friendly, that it's coming to escort us in. A few minutes later the plane, a big bomber, swoops across the bow and begins to circle the ship. It's the friendliest-looking bomber any of us ever saw. "Well," says Mike, "it's a break for us, but I bet those gunners are kind of disappointed." Yes, we're lucky, but somehow we feel kind of let down at noon chow, as if we'd been gypped out of something.



NEARLY everybody starts packing in the afternoon, but since we had no place to put our stuff anyway, no one had really ever unpacked, so when we have put our toilet articles in our musette bags and rerolled our field packs, we are all through. We drift back to the deck, where a lot of the boys are leaning against the rail, looking out over the sea. Some amateur barbers are doing a rushing business. Other guys are shining their shoes. Those of us at the rail are still staring at the waves and the restless, foaming green water when from up in the bow we hear a cheer. Somebody has sighted land. There is a stampede up forward.

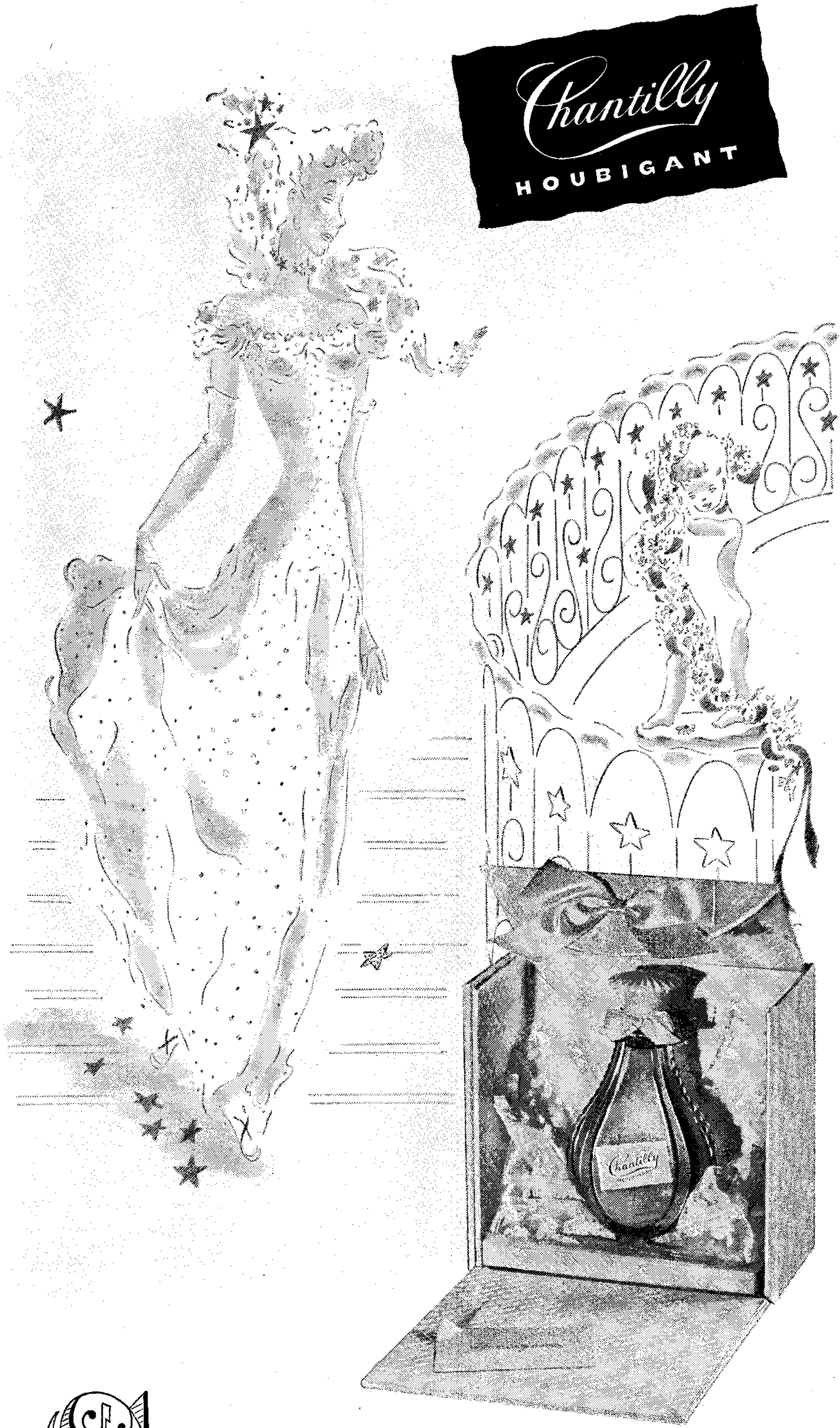
"Where?"

"Up there, see?"

"Where? Aw, you're crazy!"

"Sure, see? Kind of misty. See?"

In a couple of minutes everybody can see it. Land, all right. We stare, eager and fascinated, as it comes closer and gets bigger. We can see a mountain and a thin shadow of level land. We see ships. Overhead our bomber zooms by reassuringly. We are joined at the rail by our lieutenant. He provides the cigarettes and I have the



Secret weapon for a lady

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Dusting Powder de luxe, with huge, fluffy lamb's wool puff... Eau de Toilette, richly perfumed, delightful

light. "What's the latest?" we ask. He tells us that the port we're docking at was bombed last night and that they're expecting more of the same when we arrive. "Don't be surprised if you see a lot of smoke," he says.

Suddenly the war, which has always been something we just talked about and heard about, is very close and very real. Mike winks at me and I know that he feels the same way I do—excited and happy and curious. "Better wear your helmets from here on in," says the lieutenant, and while I'm strapping mine on I think of what a useful washbasin it's been these past few weeks. Now it's going to be used for what it was built for, which makes much more sense. I take a brief walk on the deck and meet Hinkel, who looks twice as mean and businesslike in his helmet as any Nazi, and I kid him about being such a Dutchman. "Can that stuff," he says. "It doesn't go any more." I see what he means and am just about to tell him so when the bugle blows assembly again.

The ship captain's British voice comes over the loudspeaker. He tells us that we're getting in sometime tonight and how many miles he and ourselves have come together since we left home. "You aren't the first Yanks I've carried on this ship," he says finally. "I carried your fathers over to France the last time. I don't think I shall ever have to carry *your* sons, because I know you chaps are going to finish the job this time. Good luck and God bless you."

The loudspeaker goes off with a click, and as we start below we can see a thin column of smoke over the land. "That's the fires I was telling you about," our lieutenant says. "Get all your stuff packed and be ready to disembark after chow tonight. Eat plenty, because we may not be able to get another meal till late tomorrow. Fill your canteens if you can. I'll see you later."

FOR once there is plenty of water in the mess hall, so we are all able to fill our canteens at supper. The menu is no different, though, and when the K.P.'s bring out the pans loaded with boiled mutton we let out a baaa that rocks the room.

"There's still some wool on my piece!"

"Pass the shears!"

"Mutton, hell! I got part of the collie!"

"Baaaaa!"

All the standard cracks, but because this is the last time everybody is laughing. It's almost dark when Mike and Sam and I get back to our bunk room.

The ship is just idling along now through smooth water. We must be in the harbor. I'm lacing up my leggings when I hear the muffled clanking sound from the bow which must mean that the anchor is being dropped.

"Well, Mike, we're here," I say.

"Never thought we'd make it," Mike says.

"We aren't ashore yet," says Sam, who has been kind of quiet since we saw that column of smoke.

The lieutenant comes in and tells us our outfit will be one of the last to leave the ship. "We won't be getting off until almost midnight, so try and catch some sleep," he says. "If you go out on deck, don't light any cigarettes. Any questions?" Nobody can think of any. "O.K.," he says. "I'll be back later."

In about ten minutes the first troops start moving off. They are some R.A.F. boys who have bunked next to us. We help them hoist their kit bags onto their shoulders and buckle their straps.

"So long, fellas," we say.

"Cheerio, Yanks," they answer.

They give us the thumbs-up salute as they file out of the bunk room.

NONE of us thinks of catching any sleep. Instead, we go on deck to watch the lighters approaching the ship. There's a moon and it's full, so in spite of the blackout we can see what is going on below. All across the bay in which we are anchored the dark silhouettes of freighters at anchor stand out against the shimmering water. We are so used to hearing crashing waves and churning engines that the bay seems as quiet and peaceful as a mountain lake on a summer night.

We have been out there about ten minutes when Mike sees a flash, followed by a thud, on one of the hills overlooking the bay. He points out the spot. There is another flash. Then another thud.

"What is it?" Sam asks.

"Maybe anti-aircraft," I answer.

Now we hear the hum of planes far overhead.

"What do you think, Mike?" I ask.

"Don't ask me. This is my first time at bat," he says.

Just then our lieutenant pops up again. We learn that the planes overhead are our own fighters. The flashes on the hill are more frequent. Now a flare is dropped from the sky. And another. Still a long way off. One lighter is filling up with troops. From where we are standing their helmets look like rows of cobblestones. The boys are being taken onto the lighter as quickly as pos-

MORGAN DENNIS
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Whitey: "So am I, Blackie—that makes us ready now to face the world."

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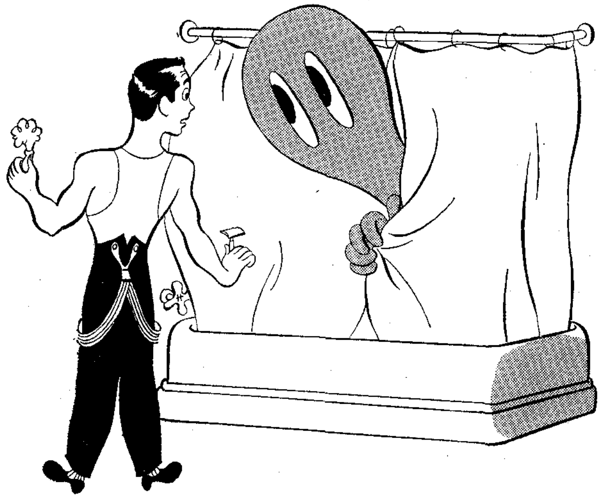

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100% Scotch Whiskies
Extra Quality
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Anybody who tells you that Martin's V.V.O. is no longer available has his facts twisted. We admit there was a temporary shortage some time back, and we had to ration some of our best dealers. And people who appreciate the extra goodness of V.V.O. did lay away extra supplies.

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sible. Pretty soon the lighter is packed. There is another waiting to pull up alongside.

In the distance there are flashes in three places now. You can hear the thuds getting louder. The first lighter is pulling away. A few of the boys on it start singing the refrain of a song we learned from the British lads on the way over:

There's many a soldier just finishing his
  time,
There's many a bloke signing on.

The whole crowd on the lighter picks it up. Now they're all singing:

You'll get no promotion this side of the
  ocean,
So cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all!

The lighter is moving toward shore, about half a mile away. The next lighter is made fast to the side of our ship. From above we hear the zoom of motors. Now and then we seem to see planes outlined against the starry sky, but we can't be sure. The sound of the singing comes back to us clearly across the water:

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall.

The boys clambering into the next lighter take up the song as they squat on their barracks bags and wait to pull away. Some of them are looking up at the sky. The roar above us is getting louder.

Bless all the sergeants and W.O. ones,
Bless all the corporals and their blinkin'
  sons!

The chorus of voices swells as those of us still on the ship join in. The first lighter is halfway across now. The second is almost filled up. Flash, flash from the hills. Thud, thud. Mike seems to think the explosions are coming closer.

For we're saying goodbye to them all
As back to our billets we crawl.

It seems as though everybody is singing now, trying to drown out the noise of the planes. I press my helmet down on my head and tighten the strap so that it fits snugly. They're getting the boys off fast. By now the first bunch should have landed.

You'll get no promotion this side of the
  ocean,
So cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all!

The second lighter is pulling away across the harbor. Flares are dropping on both sides of the hills now and the glow is reflected in the water. Mike comes up and tells me to sling my pack. We're going to get ready to leave.

—WILLIAM MACCONNELL

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Quick Ganders

IT'S getting so you know that where Marlene Dietrich turns up (on film, that is) there's bound to be a brawl of some sort. She doesn't necessarily mix right in it herself every time, as she did in "Destry Rides Again," but she's around, and in most cases might be said to be an accessory before the fact. She is now appearing in "Pittsburgh," in which, sure enough, a couple of fellows take off their coats and disturb the peace at some length, mainly on account of her. The picture is about the steel industry and there is supposed to be some trifling management-vs.-labor issue involved in the bout between these two boys, but it's plain that Marlene is really what they have on their minds. In one corner is John Wayne and in the other Randolph Scott. They are an evenly matched pair, as is demonstrated by the fact that they stand up there and hammer each other for what seems like half an hour without either's gaining a noticeable edge. Incidentally, the action of the picture is meant to take place about thirty years ago, in which rugged times, presumably, labor disputes, as well as affairs of the heart, were easily settled in single combat. The thing is not what you could call an up-to-the-minute social document.

AN old play by the name of "The Meanest Man in the World" has been adapted to the screen and Jack Benny. It's the one about the kindhearted lawyer who has to get tough to get clients. There is, of course, nothing vitally timely about this picture either, but it should hand you a couple of laughs, especially if Benny customarily kills you. Rochester is in it too, and so is Priscilla Lane, although not for laughs.

THERE are many, many children in "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday," not including Deanna Durbin, who has been kissed a number of times in pictures now and must be considered to be just about full-grown. The children are little refugees whom Miss Durbin, as a missionary's daughter, has brought out of war-torn China, sort of

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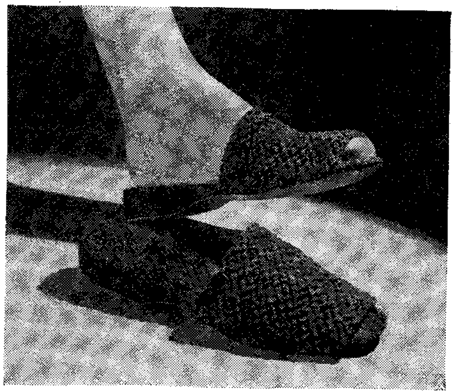

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86 PROOF

like a lady Pied Piper. Although she has the title rôle, Deanna is not actually married in this film. She just pretends to be for expediency's sake. From this you can see that there are wheels within wheels. Her vehicles, as a matter of fact, have always had wheels within wheels; she gets into girlish scrapes and then gets out of them again by being well intentioned and because everybody loves her. Hitherto there have been light touches in her pictures, though, which have kept them from being sticky. There are very few in this one, or at least very few successful ones. There are merely these kiddies, who are counted on to win you pretty much by themselves.

SPEAKING of internal wheels, it would be hard to beat a recent product called "The Crystal Ball" for sheer plot, although it would be very easy on any other count. A girl (Paulette Goddard) gets a job with a fortune-teller (Gladys George). The fortune-teller turns out to be crooked, and a client she undertakes to rook (Ray Milland) turns out to be the man the girl goes for. He finally goes for her, too, not knowing that she works for the fortune-teller or that the fortune-teller is crooked. There is another girl (Virginia Field), who also goes for the man the first girl goes for and also consults the fortune-teller, who is out to rook her also. The second girl naturally doesn't like the first girl, and when she finds out she works for the fortune-teller and that the fortune-teller is crooked, she charges the first girl with being crooked too, which she is not. That's the setup, outlined in the sincere hope that it doesn't pique your curiosity the least bit. —DAVID LARDNER

•

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Won 9
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LEADING SCORER
Danny Galvin 96
Most points team scored in
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BEST INDIVIDUAL SCORING FEAT
Danny Galvin 34
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—*Trail Blazer, Muir Technical High School paper, Pasadena, Calif.*

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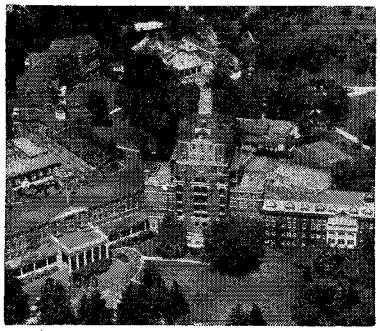

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(DIVISION OF GOOD WILL)

THE NEW YORK TRUST COMPANY
100 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

FEBRUARY 18, 1943

The Editors, *The New Yorker,*
DEAR SIRS:

IN the "Talk of the Town" in your January 16th and February 6th issues, you had a little fun with the case of Neumark v. the New York Trust Company. We have enjoyed a good laugh, too, but in order not to let a mistaken impression gain too much currency, here, briefly, are the facts:

In October, 1941, the Westminster Bank, Ltd., of London, England, sent to the New York Trust Company certain securities for the account and upon the request of Alfred Levy & Cie., which did business in Luxembourg before the German occupation.

It later transpired that the securities included some claimed to have been deposited by Mr. Arthur Neumark, a German citizen, with Alfred Levy & Cie.

Mr. Neumark did not or could not obtain instructions from Alfred Levy & Cie. to the New York Trust Company to deliver his securities to him and sued the New York Trust Company for them.

The New York Trust Company obtained an order bringing Alfred Levy & Cie. into the suit because the securities were in their account. Furthermore, the request for delivery was not accompanied by the license required by the President's Executive Order to enable the New York Trust Company to make the transfer.

Alfred Levy & Cie. then claimed that Neumark, as a German citizen, had in September, 1940, offered the German government the right to purchase his securities and United States currency on deposit with Alfred Levy & Cie. However, the New York Trust Company could not transfer the securities to Mr. Neumark from the account of Alfred Levy & Cie. except upon a Treasury license and authorization of Alfred Levy & Cie. or a court order. Alfred Levy & Cie. gave no authorization but chose to have a court decide the legal consequences, if any, of Mr. Neumark's "offer" to the German government.

This was a friendly suit and the decision in favor of Neumark was expected by all parties. The position of the New York Trust Company was actually that of a third party or stakeholder.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

HUMAN nature being the perverse thing it is, it's not to be expected that what *can* be bought in New York stores today is going to make as fascinating a subject for discussion as what can't, but just in case you are interested, new things are still arriving in most of the shops, a fact which should interfere with the effectiveness of a great many tall tales of hardships now being endured by householders.

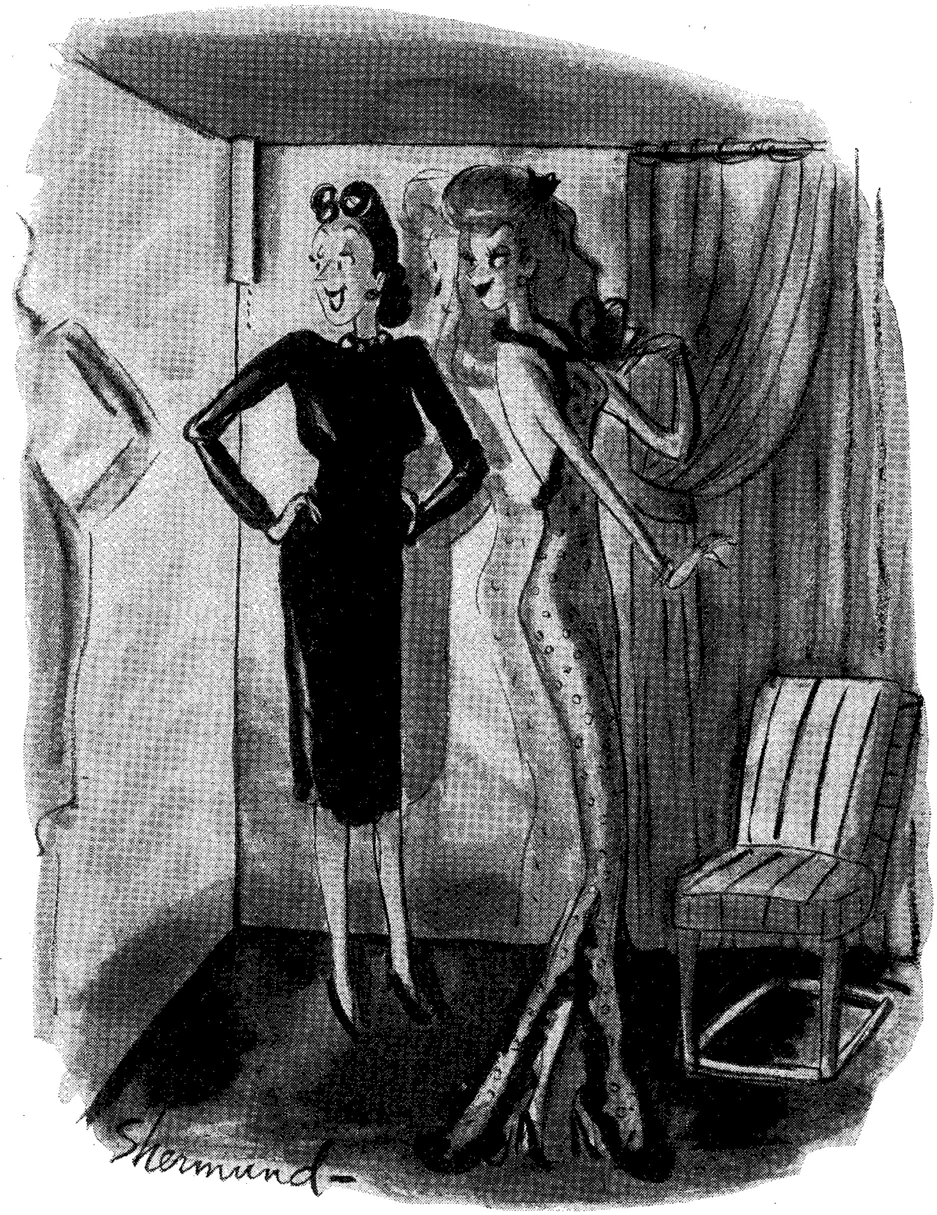
Modern ceramic cook pots and pans, tough and durable, in a deep, rich, dark-brown glaze that washes as if it were china (even burned food slicks off it like magic), are catching housewifely eyes at Hammacher Schlemmer. There are saucepans, skillets, and double boilers for top-of-stove cooking, as well as oven dishes, any of which can go direct to the table with grace, there to be set upon footed tiles of the same ceramic ware, to prevent heat scars. Two- and three-quart double boilers sell for $5.20 and $6.95; handled saucepans start at $2.95 and an eight-inch fry pan costs $2.35. The protective tiles for the table cost from forty-five cents to $1. There are also waterless-cooking inserts for the covered pots at thirty-five cents and up for cooks who like to steam rather than boil their vegetables.

At the Pan-American Shop, 828a Lexington Avenue (63rd), there are Mexican baking bowls and dishes, along the same lines but with more of the earthy, peasant quality of the clay wares that we used to get from France. Oblong baking pans, in sets of four for $3.50, are nicely glazed and bear characteristic Mexican decorations; the bowls, which come in a semi-glazed terra cotta, are offered in nestled sets of four at $1.25. While you're there, you might also look at some bowls and matching plates in beige glazed pottery with Mexican decorations. They're made for salad service but would look beautiful filled with stew; $8.75 for a big bowl and six plates.

PROBABLY encouraged by the stay-at-home trend, the Krakauer Piano people, at 107 West 57th Street, have bravely brought out a new console piano, one of those little harpsichord-like affairs, with a completely cased-in back. The idea of this revolutionary feature is that the piano, which is called the Empress, may be placed at right angles to a wall or out in the room, like a concert grand, without exposing its insides to sensitive eyes. To be sure, plenty of musical people who haven't enough wall space to accommodate even the smallest of console pianos in the ordinary fashion have got around the situation simply enough by ignoring the open backs of their instruments and placing them anywhere they want to or else by backing them with a screen. If these seem but makeshift methods to you, you're the one Krakauer's Empress was made for.

ASK for War Dogs at Edwin Jackson's, 175 East 60th Street, and they'll bring out the strangest-looking andirons you ever saw in your life. These are made of firebrick, in two styles. One has a pair of front-end columns topped by miniature pyramids embossed with a "V," the other has chopped-off fluted columns topped by a star. The pyramid ones are $5.65 a pair, the columned ones $7.50. Either will stand more heat and fiercer flames than iron and should live to a ripe old age, provided you listen to the Jackson warnings about laying, not throwing, your logs upon them. Whatever you think of the unorthodox appearance of these dogs, they ought to be good news to you if yours are among the many andirons whose shafts have broken or burned through this winter under the strain of extraordinary service.

Anyone who has used his fireplace



"The most wonderful thing is it meets every government regulation and requirement."

enough to break down a pair of andirons probably is also having chimney-soot trouble by now. Soot in the flue plays tricks with the draft and is a fire hazard besides. One thing you can do about it is to get a supply of the soot-destroyer Macy sells for nineteen cents a box. The box holds a brick of chemical stuff, and you have only to light a fire, toss the whole thing on, box and all, and the resulting gases, as they ascend the flue, will dissolve the deposit that's causing the trouble. The chances are this method won't do as thorough a job as a chimney sweep would, but where can you hire a chimney sweep for nineteen cents, if at all?

Macy is also the place to get another chemical cure for still another wartime ill—closet dampness in unheated parts of the house. This one, too, comes in brick form, in a box which is placed on the floor of a closet when mold upon articles stored there seems imminent or has already begun to form. The brick absorbs moisture from the air and lets it drip harmlessly down into a space left for it in the bottom of the waterproof box. This costs sixty-nine cents.

NOW that laundries are curtailing their activities, you may want to investigate a soapy jelly called Wooly, sold at Lord & Taylor and Bonwit Teller for $1 a fifteen-ounce jar. The stuff makes woollens reasonably safe even in the hands of amateurs and is as pleasant to use as such things can be, producing no visible ill effects upon the hands and acting upon sweaters, shawls, blankets, and the like in a way that makes you wonder at your own skill. If you're wondering just how to use it, don't worry; there are directions on the box.

—B. B.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Drinking and Eating

IT wouldn't be surprising if, during the next few months, the sociable drink at home reached a new high as a popular pastime. For one thing, it seems fairly certain that a good many of our bartenders and waiters will be padding about in war factories in the near future, and, for another, as the problem of getting enough meat and butter for a company meal becomes more acute, a lot of us are soon going to be giving and receiving fewer invitations for dinner than for a drink. (Of course, before long there may also be the problem of getting the stuff to drink, but we'll cross that bridge when we come to it.) So I'll start out with a few notes on some

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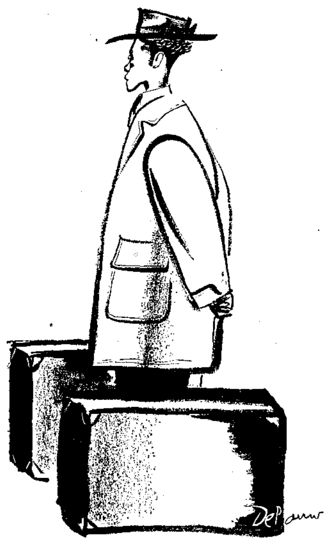
spirits, modestly priced and readily available, to help you reorganize your liquor closet, if that's what it needs.

The Christian Brothers of California make a brandy which has a recognizable likeness to the inexpensive variety that used to come from France. This is not as faint praise as it sounds, if you will recall that plenty of French brandies costing less than four dollars a bottle were not as bad for everyday drinking as the connoisseurs would have had you believe. Anyway, the Christian Brothers' offering is not fiery nor is it syrupy with caramel, which is to say that our native brandy-making has taken a step forward in the last year or so. The Colcombet vineyards, also of California, put out a pleasant brandy, which, however, is only half American, being blended with aged Cyprian spirits. This, as well as the Christian Brothers' product, can be bought at nearly all liquor stores for something under four dollars.

By this time you have probably settled on your favorite American vermouth, but just in case you are still tasting around, the dry of the Tiara Products Company should be investigated. In a Martini, I think, it's about as good as any other domestic vermouth, and it's all right, too, with soda or just straight, well chilled and with a swirl of lemon peel.

Some time ago I spoke with mild approval of three California wines selected and sold by M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd). These wines were of no particular year, but now the Napa Valley Cabernet of the Lehmann collection is represented by a remarkably sound wine of the 1937 vintage. It's worth trying if for no other reason than to convince yourself of what our vineyardists can do when they aren't rushed.

If you are one of those who keep on hoping and praying that thin cream can



eventually be made to whip by the addition of the right amount of lemon juice or whatever, I shall leave you to your folly, but if you have abandoned all thought of whipped-cream desserts for the duration, here is a suggestion. *Fruits rafraîchis* in all their various forms are nothing new, heaven knows, but they ought to be a blessing these days, when a woman can worry herself gray-headed trying to give her family sweet dishes that don't require butter or whipped cream. Kirsch is, I know, the classic liqueur to combine with fruits which are to be topped with a sherbet, and the Rathaus kirschwasser is as good as any other domestic cordial of that type you will find. My own taste, though, is for curaçao with fruits, as I hold that the flavor of kirsch is at odds with that of strawberries and such. Among American-made curaçaos I like Nuyens' Triple Sec and one that is put up by Arrow Distilleries. Of course, there are plenty of imported cordials around, but these are pretty expensive for desserts. As for the fruits themselves, maybe you dare bring up the matter of peeling and seeding white grapes with your cook until strawberries and pineapples become more plentiful. Whatever fruit you use, the sherbet that tops it will be improved by the thinnest possible shreds of fresh tangerine peel.

I HAVE not spoken before of Altman's new pastry shop because, when it opened, the cakes were mostly items from local bakeries, with, to my taste, nothing very special to recommend them. Now, though, some semi-professional pastry cooks are represented and the collection is quite worth investigating. An English consignor sends extremely good Bath buns and some very dressed-up scones, which are, however, rather too sugary for comfortable toasting. There are also thin, crisp chocolate squares, unusual and delicious, and fine, rich pastries of a kind which probably had a celebrated name in Viennese kitchens long before Altman decided on calling them Victory Bars. You can also get well-made Scotch shortbreads and a delectable little mouthful called Maids of Honor, not in the least like the famous English pastry of the same name but awfully good for all that. Just let Altman put its mind on really first-class big cakes, like pound and chocolate-layer, and there is no telling what success its new department will enjoy.

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know about a decorative and delicious confection made by Eugenia Tay, at 92 Lexington Avenue (26th). This is a chocolate-covered butterscotch done into intricate patterns like the finest lace—just the right delicacy and prettiness for the table. The same woman turns out extremely good paper-thin chocolate-covered mints and fine vanilla caramels. The shop does not open until noon and there is no telephone.

RANDOM ITEMS: Gumbo filé powder, which many of us feared had disappeared off the face of the earth when Morvay's Cheese Shop closed down, can now be had at Altman. . . . A nice present for men in Army camps is a confection called Aunt Martha's whiskey cake. It is something like a light fruit cake, keeps well, isn't messy, and is very good. You'll find it at Hammacher Schlemmer and Macy, among other places. . . . That excellent and too little-known fish, the king mackerel, is here in moderate abundance right now at plenty of fish places. I can speak enthusiastically of some I found at George Kuhn's market, 1382 Sixth Avenue (56th). —S. H.

•

SIR: We are two girls. Recently we attended a wedding at a hotel. There were two good-looking boys in charge of the elevators. One was very handsome and knew it. He took us and two other girls to the seventh floor and made us walk down. The other one asked us always if we wanted to go up or down and once he asked us but only one of us went and he told her any time she needed anything she should ring the bell. When we were going home we signaled for the elevator and the first boy came and took us down. How could we get to know these boys better as we don't know their names or anything about them? Two 'TEEN-AGE GIRLS
—*Letter in the Philadelphia Bulletin.*

You could buy the hotel.

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HO HUM DEPARTMENT

[*News release from a press agent*]

ACTUAL OPERATION AT SEA COINCIDES WITH RADIO SCRIPT

On the very day recently that the script of "Young Doctor Malone" called for Alan Bunce (Dr. Jerry Malone) to perform a delicate operation at sea, newspapers carried the account of a Lieutenant in the Navy Medical Corps likewise performing an appendectomy while his gale-tossed ship rode the sea like a roller coaster. Late reports from the ship at sea and in the radio script have both patients coming through nicely. ("Young Doctor Malone" is heard over a CBS network at 2:00 P.M., EWT, every Monday through Friday.)

THE ART GALLERIES

The Real and the Unreal

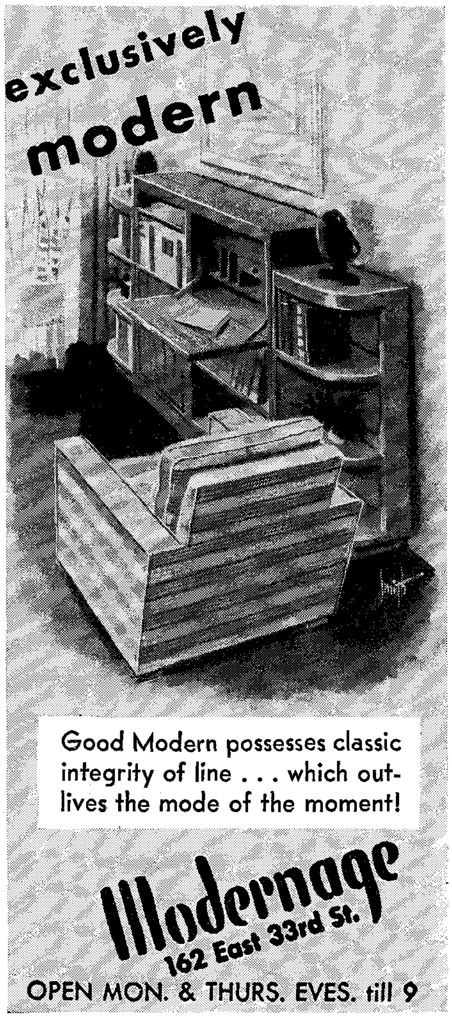
IT may be too much to ask that all shows with brightly instructive titles should live up to them, and I suppose I was just leading with my chin when I went to the new one at the Museum of Modern Art with that expectation. The affair there is called "Americans: Realists and Magic Realists." If, as I did, you translate "magic realist" to mean surrealism, without its "school" connotations (you have to do your own translating, incidentally, since the Museum has offered no adequate definition), you find yourself face to face with some of the most exciting questions about modern painting. What is the relation between the image and the idea in art, anyway? What is the method by which the surrealists, in spite of their insistence on careful delineation, seem able to crowd more meaning into an image than its mere contours can contain? At what fine border line between pictorial fact and fancy does realism end and surrealism begin? To come down to the particular, why is it that a painting of a barn by Charles Sheeler, a realist, holds almost no overt suggestions while one by John Atherton, a surrealist—for example, his "Old Barn, Connecticut," which is in the show—is full of them?

All these questions and more, I am sorry to say, are not answered by the current collection, and what makes it the more tantalizing is that throughout there's an impression of determined purpose, as if it were just on the point of proving something. It starts, as all strictly educational exhibitions should do, with a retrospective section. This ranges back through the nineteenth century to include, along with the realists of the period, such unexpectedly fantastic productions as E. S. Field's "Historical Monument of the American Republic," Henry Alexander's "The Laboratory of Thomas Price," and Thomas Cole's almost Ernstian "The Titan's Goblet"—little-known paintings, most of them, but all strongly suggestive of modern techniques.

Well, fine, you think as you study them; here's a badly needed reminder that surrealism isn't just something thought up by Breton, Dali, and the others. It's a mood deeply grounded in all art, even in the American tradition. In the contemporary section, however, which is the main part of the show, confusion awaits you. Twenty-six artists are listed, and if some (Louis Lozowick, Edmund Lewandowski, Stow Wengenroth, and so on) are realists and some are surrealists (Peter Blume, Louis Guglielmi, and so on), there are others who seem to have no place in the collection whatever. Peter Hurd is one such example. He's a good enough painter, surely, but certainly he's no more than an innocent bystander in the present imbroglio. When you add such people as the gently naturalistic Clarence H. Carter, the Currier & Ives-ish Theodore Lux, and the wildly primitive Patrick J. Sullivan, it will be seen that you've got quite a mixture indeed.

The omissions are as puzzling as the inclusions. If a true survey of the realist-surrealist field was intended, why were such prominent practitioners as Walter Quirt and James Guy left out? If it was not, why include such a minor figure as Jared French, who hangs by only the thinnest of threads to the fringe of the movement? My advice when you go is don't bedevil yourself with such questions. You will see a fair share of good painting there. You may make some extremely pleasant discoveries. (One of mine was the naïve Brooklyn artist Miklos Suba, whose tiny barbershop studies are as clean and crisp and transparently honest as anyone could desire.) But if you go to the show expecting to learn something about realism, surrealism, or even "magic" realism, you are likely to come away a little whirly in the head.

I CAN'T guess what impression people who have no sentimental connection with the Art Students League to begin with are liable to get from the League's big retrospective, called "Fifty Years on Fifty-seventh Street" and on, through Saturday, at the Fine Arts Galleries. I've a fear, though, that many will find it too large and perhaps too sprawling for pleasure. Something around a hundred and seventy-five artists are represented, and the range of styles swings all the way from the rankest romanticism to the sharpest and most precise realism. To an old hanger-on at the League like myself, however, the size of the show is a tribute to the remarkable array of talent the place has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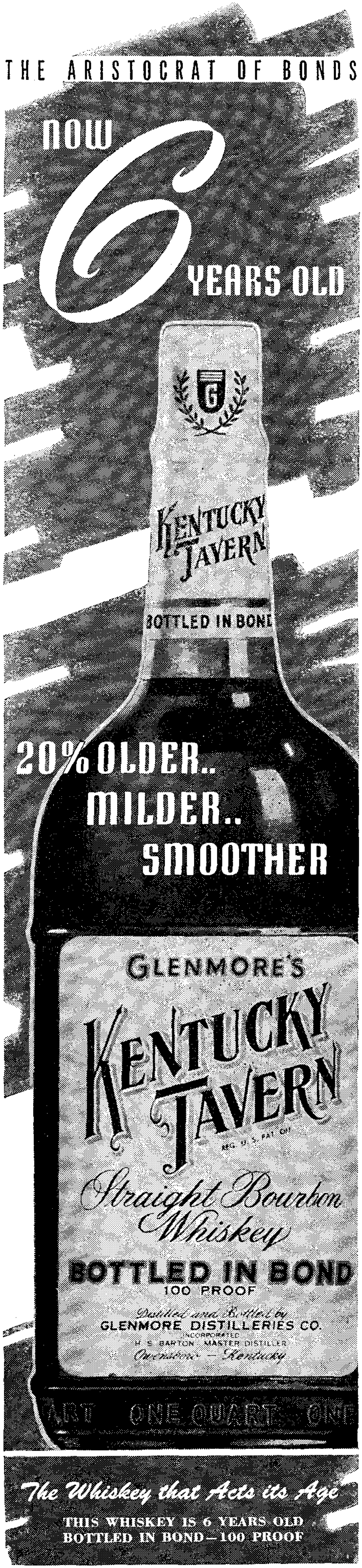

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fostered in its long existence, as the proliferation of styles is a tribute to the fine catholicity of the instruction it has offered and, let us hope, will continue to offer. Certainly, I can think of no other art school which could gather together under one not too capacious roof such completely dissimilar artistic talents as George Luks and Frank Vincent Du Mond, Bryson Burroughs and John Marin, Robert Brackman and Francis Criss, and the cross-section thus presented comes pretty close to containing everything of importance in American art in the last five decades.

AT Art of This Century they are showing oils and water colors by Jean Hélion, most of them done in the period 1936-39. His, I think, is a style that derives primarily from Léger's work in the early Dynamist days, but from this beginning Hélion has gone on to develop a design that is strongly personal and that also combines grace, dignity, and deep suggestiveness in a way that few other contemporary abstractionists can equal. I liked particularly his "Rouge Brilliant," with its curiously liplike forms, as well as the darker "Figure Bleue" and the really swell "Figure Debout," with its grave greens and grays and generally cool tonality. . . . I sometimes wish that Doris Rosenthal wouldn't paint so many of her Mexicans lying down. Even Mexicans move now and then, and occasionally with great agility. Looking at her show at the Midtown, I had a feeling that she's letting her sketch pad get the best of her and that she depends too much on impressions of marketplace sleepers, girls dozing, and so on for ideas for her finished paintings. That she can handle more spirited subjects and more complex designs as well is proved by such pieces as the warm, brown "Nude by Table" or the large, really handsomely painted "By the Sea." And even in the lesser subjects, such as "Butcher Boy" and the fine "Boy in White," there are a sympathy and a depth of understanding that I find wholly admirable. —ROBERT M. COATES

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LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Hollywood Reporter*]

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THE TEN FUNNY ASH BARRELS

TO people passing along the street, heads down against the rain and cold wind, there was nothing funny about the ten over-sized ash barrels lined up on the sidewalk before the large movie house. But these barrels struck the colored men on the municipal ash truck as uproarious. The barrels had been made by shearing off the tops of oil drums and were nearly four feet high and packed to the brim. Two of the men stood on the ashes already piled into the back of the truck, looking down at the barrels and laughing. They were both over six feet and they towered, gigantic, on their dais of ashes. One of them had a large scar down the side of his cheek and he had on a woman's green raincoat with slits to put the arms through. It came well above his knees. The other had only a blue woollen shirt on his back, and this was drenched with rain and filthy with wet ashes. A third colored man, older than the others, was in the driver's cab of the truck, and when he leaned out of the window and saw the barrels he joined the laughter of the others with a high-pitched braying, showing a great fan of protruding teeth.

"Boy," said the scar-faced man, "I bet there's one ton ashes in each one them barrels and the feller put them in there packed them down like ice cream."

"Boy," said the man in the blue shirt, "that feller put them big barrels there must think we're all giants. He must think this city got so much dough it can pay for giants."

At this the scar-faced man jumped to the sidewalk and at once came to grips with a barrel. "I'm a giant," he said, laughing. "I'm gonna throw this barrel right over this truck."

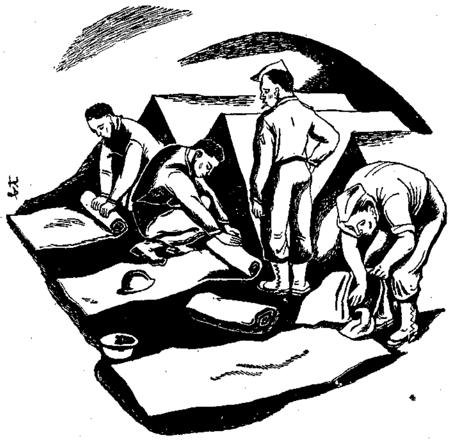
He seized the barrel and lifted it up into the truck, his great muscles standing out under his wet clothes, but his effort did not keep him from speaking immediately after he had hoisted the barrel. "Why," he said, "I never did see such a light barrel in my life!"

"Be god-damned," said the driver. "Be god-damned," and he put his head down on the steering wheel, laughing helplessly. "That's the most strong man I ever did see. He jump right over a building with a hog in his pocket." He lifted his head and gave the horn a honk, his eyes wet with laughter. The man standing on the ash heap in the truck emptied the barrel and handed it down to the scar-faced Negro on the sidewalk.

At this moment a man came out of the deserted lobby of the theatre and stood on the sidewalk under the marquee. He was small and round, with a bald head, and his face had a slight yellow cast, as though he had sat for most of his life in the darkness of the movie house. He stood and watched the colored men. They looked at him once or twice, but his presence did not stop their flow of conversation or their laughter. The scar-faced Negro hoisted four more barrels without a pause, then he stopped and drew his rain-soaked sleeve across his forehead. "O.K., big boy," he said to the man on the truck. "That makes it your turn."

The driver leaned out of the window. "You big lifters," he said, and his voice was pitched high to imitate the mincing voice of a woman, "liquor refreshments now bein' served up in the driver's seat." The two men got into the seat next to the driver, their big bodies crushing against one another, and the driver took a pint bottle from the side pocket of the truck door. It had no label and was half full of light-brown liquid. He took a swig himself and then handed it to the other men, who each took a long gulp. "Warm you up," said the driver. "Put hair on your chest." The man under the marquee watched them, his face expressionless. The three men sat still for a moment as the liquor coursed through them, listening to the rain driving against the roof and the windshield. Then the driver said, "You two big men better get back to that liftin'," and they got out of the cab.

The blue-shirted man worked on the sidewalk this time, and he had more difficulty with the barrels than his friend had had. Every time he lifted up one of the huge drums the scar-faced man would have to reach way down to help get it over the edge of the truck body. As he hoisted up the third barrel, he staggered a bit under the load and it shifted as it got to the edge of the truck. A little pile of ashes spilled onto the ground before the man on the truck could steady the barrel. The man on the sidewalk laughed and said, "You losin' your grip. You certainly are a weak man for a man who boasts so much."



The driver slapped his wheel gleefully at this remark. "Boy," he said to the man on the ground, "you make some talker. You talk the ashes right outa that barrel." The other men laughed at this and went on with their work, and there was no mishap with the remaining two barrels. When they were finished, they walked around to the cab of the truck and got in, and the driver started the engine. Then the little bald man who had been watching them walked from under the marquee of the movie house to the door on the driver's side of the truck. His voice was nasal and challenging.

"You guys going off and leave them ashes on the sidewalk?" he said. The three colored men looked out at him. "I seen you take them drinks," the bald man said. "You took them drinks and then you spilled them ashes. What in hell you think you're hired for—to get drunk and spill ashes?"

The colored men looked at each other wonderingly and then the driver said, "Nobody in this truck drunk, Mister. Nobody here drunk and you can't say that."

The little bald man raised his voice higher. "I seen you take drinks," he said. "You think we got nothing but to clean up ashes spilled by drunks? You pick those up now or you get your names put in."

The driver's face was puzzled and he looked out of the window to appraise the size of the pile the man was complaining about. As he did so, he shifted his arm across the steering wheel and it lay on the horn, which brayed out over the voice of the white man. At the sound of the horn the two big colored men looked at each other and then burst into laughter again, and as soon as the driver realized what had happened, he joined them. Now they couldn't stop. The little man was still speaking and waving his arms, but they couldn't hear his voice because of the noise they were making. Then suddenly the driver shifted the truck into gear and it pulled away. As soon as the truck started, the little man stopped yelling, reached for a pencil inside his coat, and took down the license-plate number.

The three colored men kept laughing till they reached the red light at the corner, when they subsided somewhat. The driver was the first to speak, tears

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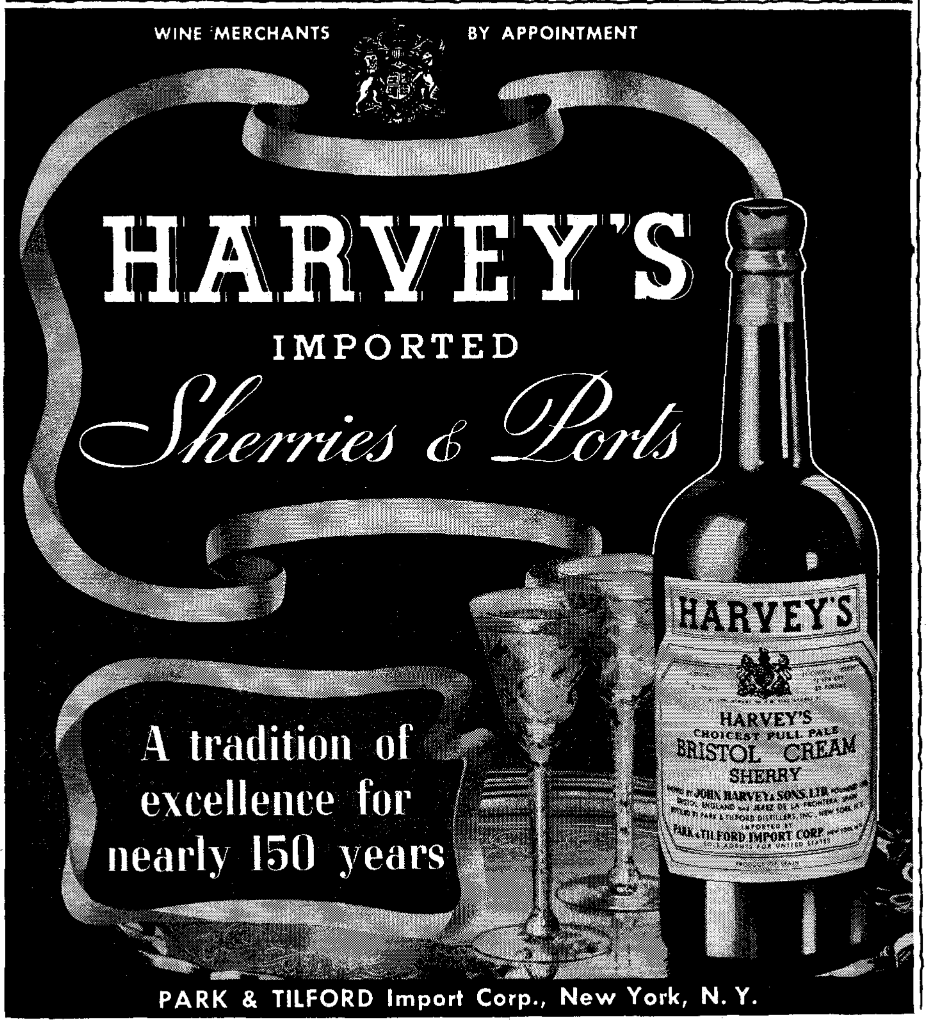
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from his laughter coursing down his cheeks. "That horn," he said, "that jest was louder than he could talk."

"He was so stirred up," said the man in the blue shirt, "he was like a crazy man, reporting folks just account that little pile of ashes."

"Even a crazy man has to talk louder'n that horn if he wants to say somethin'," said the driver. As they waited at the red light, the driver honked the horn again, but this time the three men didn't laugh.

—Leonard Wallace Robinson

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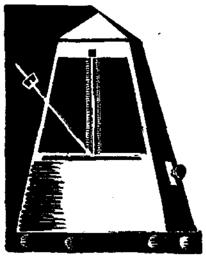
—Christopher Morley

MUSICAL EVENTS

Forum to Fiddle

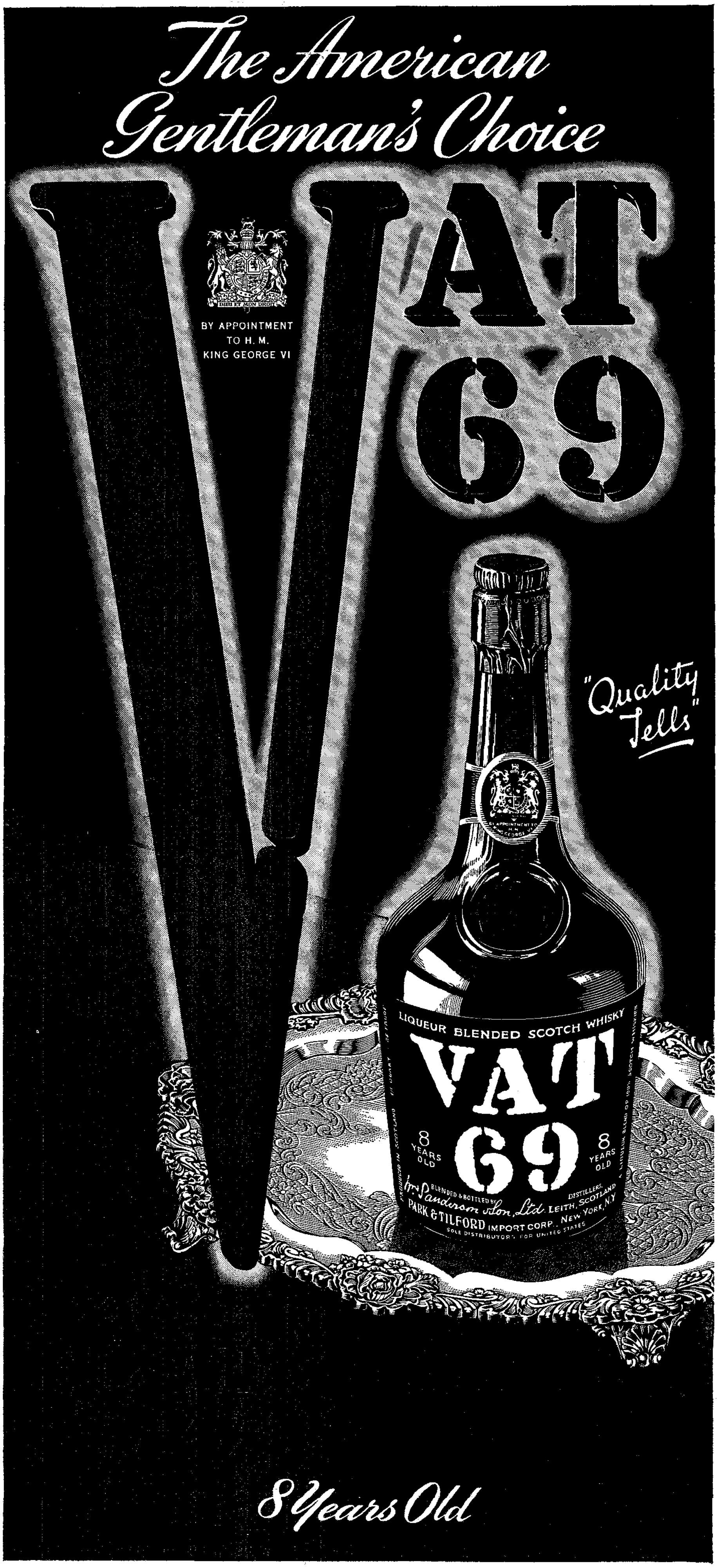


The Town Hall Music Forum, at which the audience is at liberty to wrangle with almost anyone except the ticket-takers, put on its second concert-and-debate last week, presenting music by Aaron Copland and rebuttal by friends of Mr. Copland, who took on the assignment usually allotted to the composer at these concerts. Mr. Copland wasn't around to meet up with the Forum quorum because he was busy in Hollywood.

Representing the composer were excerpts from his "Music for the Theatre," "Music for Movies," and a piano sonata. The second affair is a suite compiled from scores that Mr. Copland has written for films, and it makes good, listenable stuff, although it is occasionally fragmentary, as movie suites are likely to be. The sonata is original and personal music; whether or not you like it depends on how much it says to you. Leonard Bernstein, who played it magnificently, told the audience that it moved him immensely. Mr. Bernstein had a following for that point of view, but there were also those in the gathering who thought the sonata both short-breathed and long-winded. Me, I found it interesting writing but I couldn't get violent about it one way or the other. "Music for the Theatre," now in its eighteenth season, sounded as effective as ever. The "modern music" patches in it betray its age, but there aren't enough of them to superannuate this sturdy item.

The discussion session wasn't up to the one at the Forum's earlier show, possibly because Mr. Copland wasn't there to take on the objectors. The kickers who go to these events like to pick on modern composers in general by firing questions at the man whose music has been played. There was a little hissing from the audience during the final minutes of the debate, but nobody told anybody else to shut up, you dope. Better luck next time.

It was Wotan Night last Tuesday, with Julius Huehn singing the rôle in the Metropolitan's "Walküre" and Friedrich Schorr, in the company of Marjorie Lawrence, doing excerpts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DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

from the opera in a concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Huehn ran into throat trouble, and there was some talk of scouts galloping around town looking for another Wotan to finish up "Walküre," but in the end he came through gallantly and musically.

A shortage of alternates for Carmen couldn't happen. When Gladys Swarthout sang the part at the Metropolitan last week, everything was O.K., anyway. Miss Swarthout was in fine voice, which offered no encouragement to the ambitious incipient Carmens who are always in the audience when this opera is performed. However, if she had become even a trifle hoarse, there might have been a stampede of volunteer mezzos to the stage. Miss Swarthout's playing of Carmen has become more nearly complete than it used to be, and it's now a well-balanced impersonation. It could be less conventional, but that would involve altering more than just Miss Swarthout. The whole "Carmen" production might be revamped, come to think of it, with all the traditional stage business cut out. This sort of observation is known as Trying to Run the Opera, so let's drop it right here.

YOU don't generally hear music by Giovanni Battista Viotti unless you know violin students who are working away at his compositions, and in that case you may very well not be a Viotti-fancier. You may not be one in any event. Still and all, Viotti certainly sounded like something when Fritz Kreisler recently essayed his twenty-second concerto with the Philharmonic-Symphony at Carnegie Hall. It was fine, stirring playing that had a youthful virtuosity. Mr. Kreisler was as musicianly, but not as spectacular or on pitch, in his performance of another violin concerto, his own composition "in the manner of Antonio Vivaldi." If you think back, you should be able to recall the Kreisler series of "arrangements" that turned out to be original Kreisler (he had good professional reasons for not appearing as their composer until the works were generally accepted). This concerto is one of that tribe and it's at least as much fun to hear as many of the classic concerti. More, did you say? Good here!

—Robert A. Simon

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> —*Hartford Courant.*

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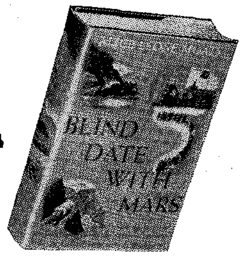

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BOOKS

Novels, Novels, Novels

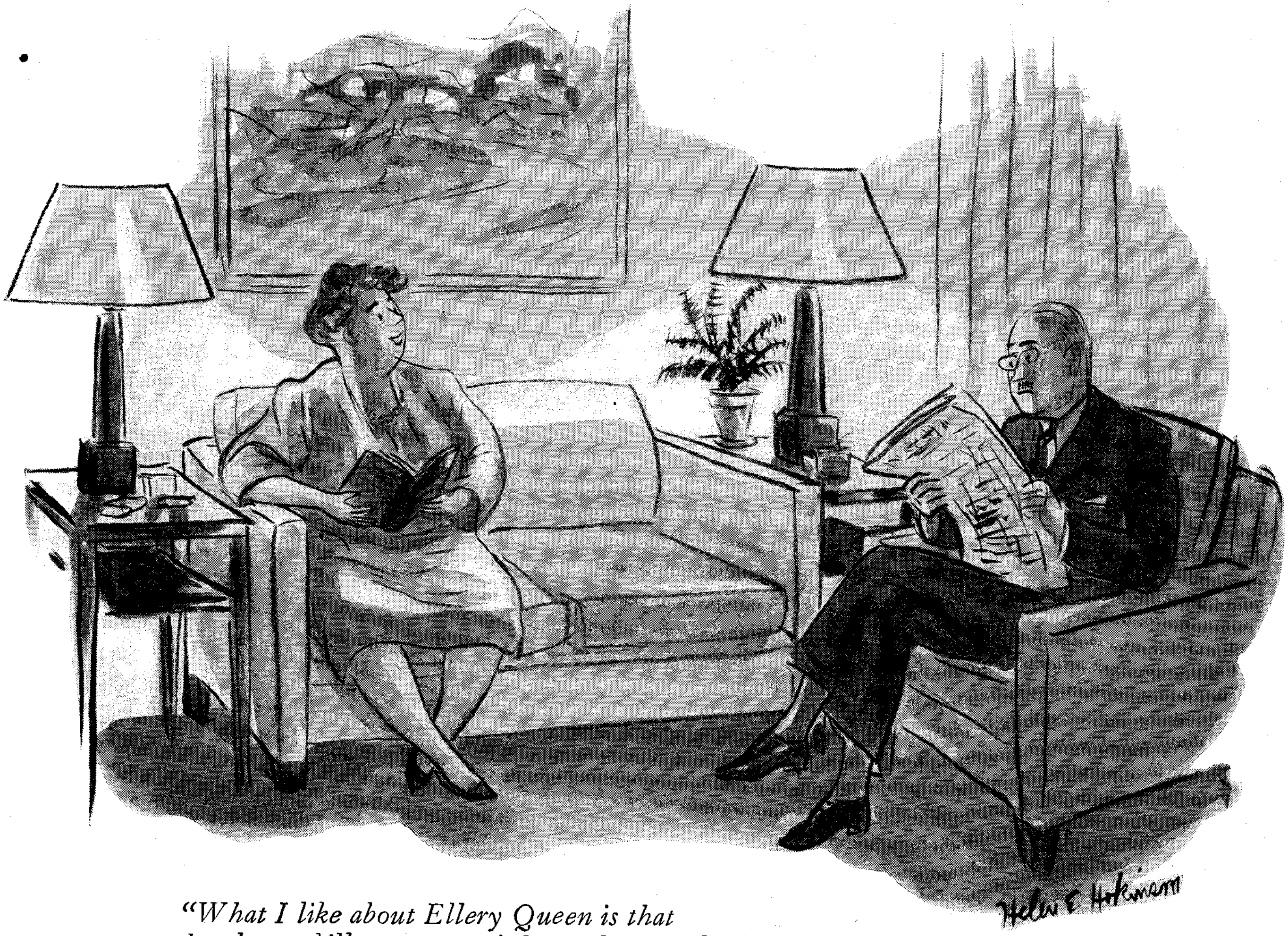
William Saroyan, the kiddies' Tolstoy, has written his first novel. The author, with characteristic restraint, calls it "The Human Comedy." "The Human Comedy" takes about an hour and a half to read but must have taken considerably longer to write.

All the characters in "The Human Comedy" are good people, or good people underneath their badness. Most of them, like Mr. Saroyan himself, are hard-working philanthropists who operate on a practically non-stop schedule. Their mailing address, in case you have a problem that's worrying you, is ostensibly Ithaca, California, but actually they're natives of what Mr. Saroyan calls this "strange, weed-infested, junky, wonderful, senseless yet beautiful world." This is the same world you've met in Mr. Saroyan's plays, weeds and all.

As Mr. Saroyan explains, in one of the many incontrovertible philosophic *sententiae* that comprise his book's intellectual framework, this world "is full of people and full of wonderful life." Among those present: Homer Macaulay, a Postal Telegraph messenger who is sweet on mankind; Ulysses, his brother, a cute little shaver who gets caught in a bear trap (don't fret; he escapes); Mrs. Macaulay, purer than Aimee Semple McPherson and just slightly less talkative; Spangler, a Postal Telegraph manager, who can't help loving everybody; Grogan, a likable souse, all heart of gold underneath that cirrhosis of the liver; Miss Hicks, a high-school teacher who gives inspirational talks; and my favorite character of the lot, an old codger named Charlie, who simply once raised rabbits.

The form of Mr. Saroyan's anecdotes is still cut along the Olsen-and-Johnson pattern, but the sentiment—and after all it's the sentiment that counts—is Epworth League with a strong admixture of swami. With this book he passes beyond mere authorship and becomes an influence, a potential West Coast Father Divine. I for one shall not rest happy until I have seen Mr. Saroyan in a turban against a background of mystic flute players, distributing love to all as he is distributing it next month, via "The Human Comedy," to the membership of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

It is impossible not to admire Ruth McKenney's courage. From the outset her first long novel, "Jake Home," has two strikes on it. It tells the story of a Communist organizer from his birth in a small Pennsylvania mining town to his high moment as the leader of a workers' parade in New York in 1932. That's enough to indicate that "Jake Home" appears at a fairly unfavorable moment. Most readers have their minds on something else than the dismal twenties and early thirties, and even though Miss McKenney, by her own lights, endows her protagonist with all the physical and most of the mental and moral virtues, not many readers are going to feel a natural throb of sympa-



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thy with a fervent Party-liner (oh, he backslides a bit, of course, now and then) like Jake Home.

No, I fear many readers will hardly share Miss McKenney's passion for her red-haired hero. Some of them, surely, will gag at his humorless assumption that the women he marries must necessarily live the kind of life he prefers. I think, too, they will feel that his maneuverings in the Sacco-Vanzetti case are no less political than those of the liberals and Socialists Miss McKenney depicts with such stinging scorn. Nor will all of us heat up easily over the factional, intramural squabbles that seem to be part of the required background of any novel about American Communists.

But "Jake Home," if you can contrive to drop the dated ideology down a manhole, has noble things in it. Miss McKenney can do you a strike scene, a labor meeting, or a protest parade so that it sticks in your mind. She is furious over the brutalities and injustices of our social setup and her fury communicates itself. Finally, despite her disheartening notion that people have to be poor to be decent, a profound love for and understanding of Mr. Wallace's common man does shine through even her most intransigent pages. When she is writing a "proletarian novel," the story creaks, but from time to time it rises above this artificial plane and moves us simply and humanly, like Zola's "Germinal" or Dostoevski's "Poor Folk."

SO far the war has produced only a few works of a markedly *exalté* nature, full of fancies that break through language and escape—books in which the pressure of experience is too much for the confines of conventional literary forms. Saint-Exupéry's "Flight to Arras" was such a one, and so is "The Voice of the Trumpet," by the Englishman Robert Henriques, whose "No Arms, No Armour" you may remember. "The Voice of the Trumpet," written in an elevated, artificial prose that every so often fountains into metaphysical verse, is a brilliant but unsuccessful attempt to give generalized form to an intense war experience—five hours of Commando raiding on the Norwegian coast.

The story, composed in part of switchbacks and dream sequences, is meant to convey an impression of how, in the author's phrase, "all men suffered in similar ways." This it does not do, but it does convey with a curious intensity the tangle of emotions in the heart of Captain Smith, the character who acts as the narrator and who is quite appar-

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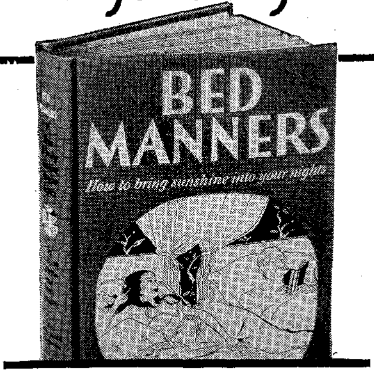
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ently the author himself. Feelings of fear, exhaustion, comradeship, and nostalgia are strained through the author's temperament and emerge strangely ethereal. Occasionally, it is true, they are transmuted into something so uncommonplace as to be pretty mystifying.

ACCOLADED by André Gide, a novel originally written in French by a young Pole named Jean Malaquais arrives here under the title "Men from Nowhere." The setting is a small spit of land on the French Mediterranean coast inhabited by a horde of miners of many nationalities and backgrounds, living in squalor, drunkenness, and near-madness, bound together by poverty and a common feeling of rootlessness. The time is just before the outbreak of the war.

Though Malaquais lacks the repulsive misanthropy of Céline, he shares some of his ferocious energy and his capacity to project scenes of hopeless degeneracy. He has no sense of structure (the book is really a series of sketches) and he is garrulous, but he has evidently seen this pullulating, Hogarthian life at first hand and he recreates it with considerable power. The English version—the translator's name is not mentioned—strains so hard for the colloquial that it makes me vaguely uncomfortable.

"TILDA" is still another of Mark Van Doren's odd short novels, which are really mystery stories with the mystery inside rather than outside the characters. It's a romance laid against a background of present-day New York. Its people—the appealing Tilda, her brothers and father, and the strange, broken-minded man she loves and brings back to sanity—are drawn with perfect confidence, as if the author were quite unaware that they are hardly to be met with in life. The unexpectedness of Mr. Van Doren's characters is reflected in his style. Each of his sentences has a slight unbalance, an irregularity all its own. On this reader the total effect is charming.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CONGO SONG, by Stuart Cloete. The scene is equatorial Africa not long before the war. The plot involves an elaborate system of espionage and sabotage. The characters are half a dozen men of assorted nationalities and professions, each top-flight in his

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own line, plus a beautiful nymphomaniac with a half-human pet gorilla. This artificial setup provides the author with an excuse for some very brilliant writing. When Mr. Cloete is concerned with the woman, the ape, and the spy business of his melodrama, he is no better than any competent writer of thrillers. When he brings his mercurial mind to his characters' interminable discussions of love, philosophy, painting, anthropology, and love again, he is very fine indeed. He is also hilariously funny.

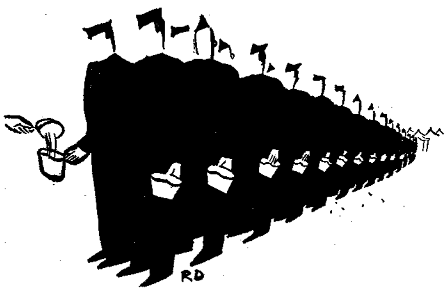
Sweet Beulah Land, by Bernice Kelly Harris. Impoverished Southern landowners, poor-white sharecroppers, and an itinerant worker who loves an aristocratic lady are familiar ingredients in what is nevertheless an original and moving novel. Mrs. Harris deserves a medal for introducing us to the first fictional sharecroppers who aren't grim.

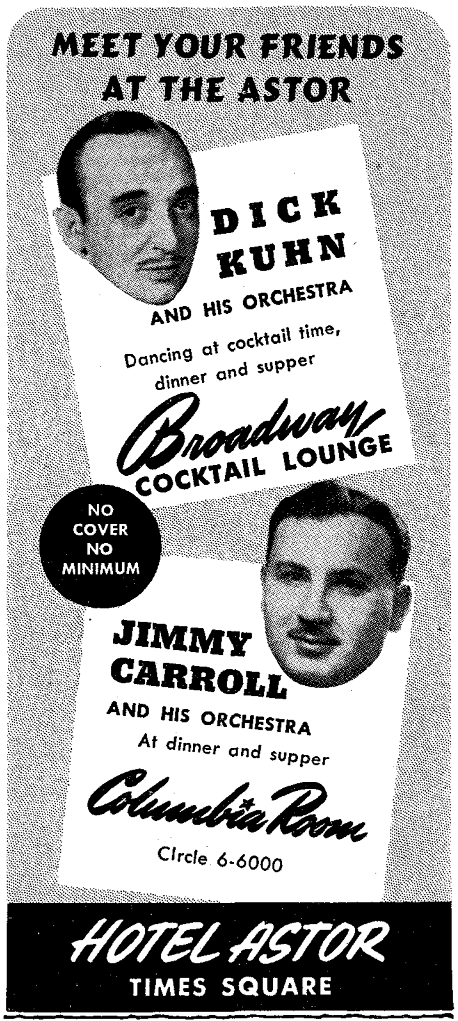
The Weir, by Ruth Moore. An unpretentious story dealing with the fortunes of two families on a small island off the Maine coast. Some of the characters are decent and likable and some are ornery. A lot of weather in these pages, and a spot of melodrama at the end.

For All Men Born, by Margaret Mackprang Mackay. The love story of a Chinese-born American girl who comes to Hawaii looking for a peaceful refuge from the humiliations of the Tientsin occupation. A serene picture of prewar Hawaiian life and a sombre one of the Pearl Harbor bombardment give a certain value to an otherwise undistinguished novel.

GENERAL

Mitchell, by Isaac Don Levine. First complete biography of General Billy Mitchell, our fighting prophet of air war. The book does a rather good job of displaying Mitchell's bold originality against the backdrop of his time, though it does tend to make the story too much a case of hero against the world. Well organized, with lots of new or forgotten material, especially on the General's ser-

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vice in the first World War. Photographs.

Squadron 303, by Arkady Fiedler. The story of the celebrated Polish fighter squadron's almost superhuman exploits in the Battle of Britain. Raw drama, done in a somewhat hyped-up style, but engrossing stuff all the same. Photographs.

Master Mariner, by James B. Connolly. Amasa Delano of Boston, who, in the early nineteenth century, went exploring among the South Sea islands where the fighting is now going on, was a seaman of Elizabethan proportions. Mr. Connolly doesn't quite do him justice, though he does make a good, colorful biography of Delano's life. Illustrated.

Twin Rivers, by Harry Emerson Wildes. New Jersey's Raritan and Passaic Rivers and the country thereabouts, characterized in local history, legends, Revolutionary romances, and such. Too crammed with facts at times, but lively reading. In the Rivers of America Series.

Conrad and His Contemporaries, by J. H. Retinger. Casual, pleasant sidelights on the character of the great Anglo-Polish novelist, by a fellow-Pole who knew him well in the period just before the first World War. Sketches by Feliks Topolski.

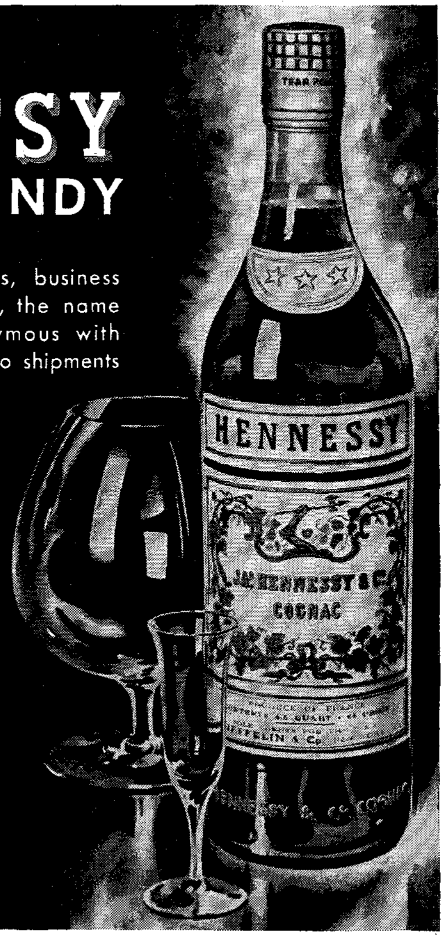
Hellas, edited by Hugh Chisholm, Baron George Hoyningen-Huene, and Alexander Koiransky. A "tribute to classical Greece," made up of 64 handsome full-page photographs of Greek landscape and art works, taken by Hoyningen-Huene. The accompanying text is chosen with care from the works of classical and modern writers.

Harvest of My Years, by Channing Pollock. Playgoing old-timers will find much to tickle their memories in Mr. Pollock's somewhat garrulous and good-natured reminiscences. The latter portion of the book, dealing partly with Mr. Pollock's social and political ideas, is of less interest. Photographs and sketches.

Ship's Doctor, by Rufus W. Hooker, M.D. Chronicles of the Doctor's fourteen years as a seagoing surgeon, which included such fiddledeedee as looking after polo ponies and such serious matters as the care of the Pearl Harbor wounded. Good yarning, but perhaps too slick.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Green Circle, by Chris Massie. Strange and beautifully written story of a young theological student named



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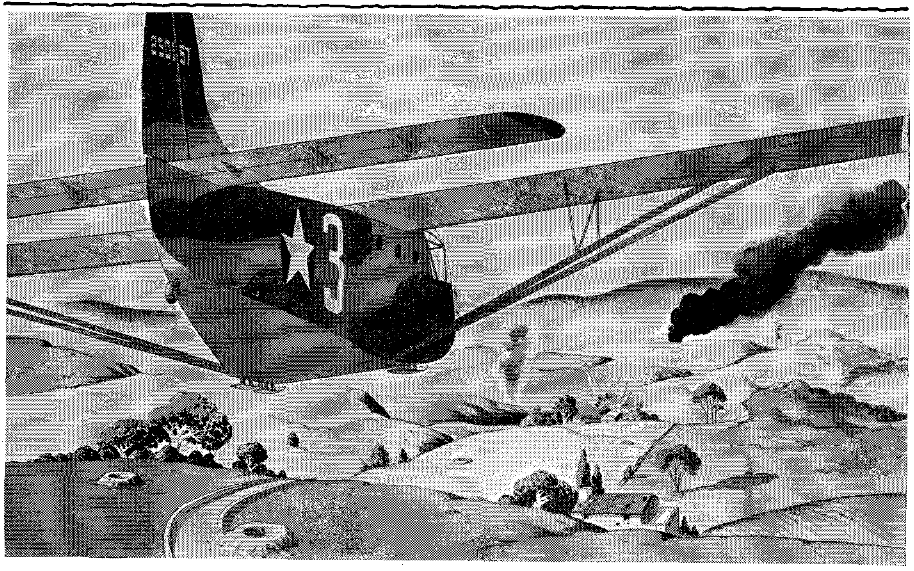

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The D.A.'s Daughter, by Herman Petersen. Lydia Bannock, daughter of the district attorney of Pleasant Hollow, New York, and young Hank Wilbur come upon an automobile accident that turns out to be not an accident at all. Murder again, but a carefree one. Pleasant enough job.

Neck in a Noose, by E. X. Ferrars. At the urgent request of his old friend John Toye, Toby Dyke arrives at Redvers, Toye's estate in England, to find Toye dead and the house deserted. George, Toby's Watson, a plump young man who dislikes crime in any form, solves the mystery which has Toby and the police baffled. Nice puzzle, nicely written.

File for Record, by Alice Tilton. Leonidas Witherall, who has been made a director of the R. H. Haymaker department store in Dalton, Massachusetts, returns to the store after a directors' meeting to pick up a mislaid umbrella. He is slugged, comes to in a bread wagon, and later finds Mr. Haymaker dead in his study. Lighthearted story of madcap doings of the Dalton smart set.

•

Albany, N.Y. (U. P.)—The Conservation Department believes it has found the biggest and finest red oak tree in New York state. The tree, on the Erie County farm of Alfred Johnson near Collins, measures 13 feet in circumference and is 10 feet tall.—*Oneida Daily Dispatch.*

Johnson can have it.

•

A globe on which the continents and ocean basins are shown in modeled relief is the form of earth representation requiring the least interpretation. Such a globe, however accurately it may show the figure of the earth, cannot be like it in size.—*From "Elements of Geography," by V. C. Finch and G. T. Trewartha.*

The hell with it, then.

•

WHICH PAGE OF SECTION II OF THE SUNDAY "TRIBUNE" D'YA READ?

On four separate occasions, to use a homely idiom, they [the Japanese] sent a boy to do a man's work.—*Major Eliot, Herald Tribune, Section II, page 1.*

True to their principle of not sending a boy on a man's job, they dispatched an armada of at least eighty warships . . . —*James M. Minifie, Herald Tribune, Section II, page 4.*

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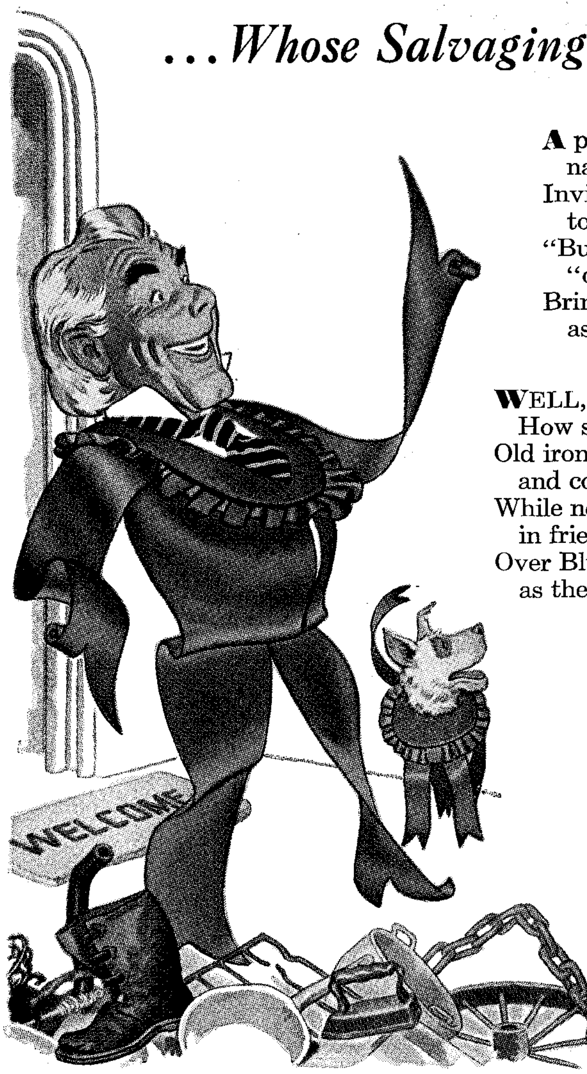

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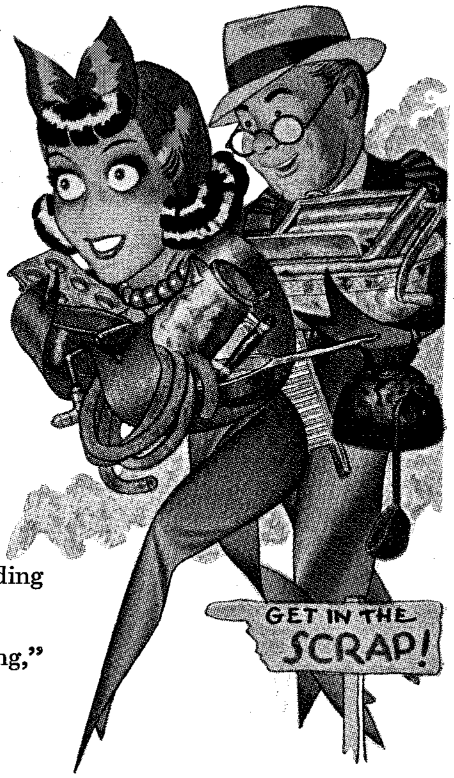

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